

Over 700,000 Copies Sold Every Week

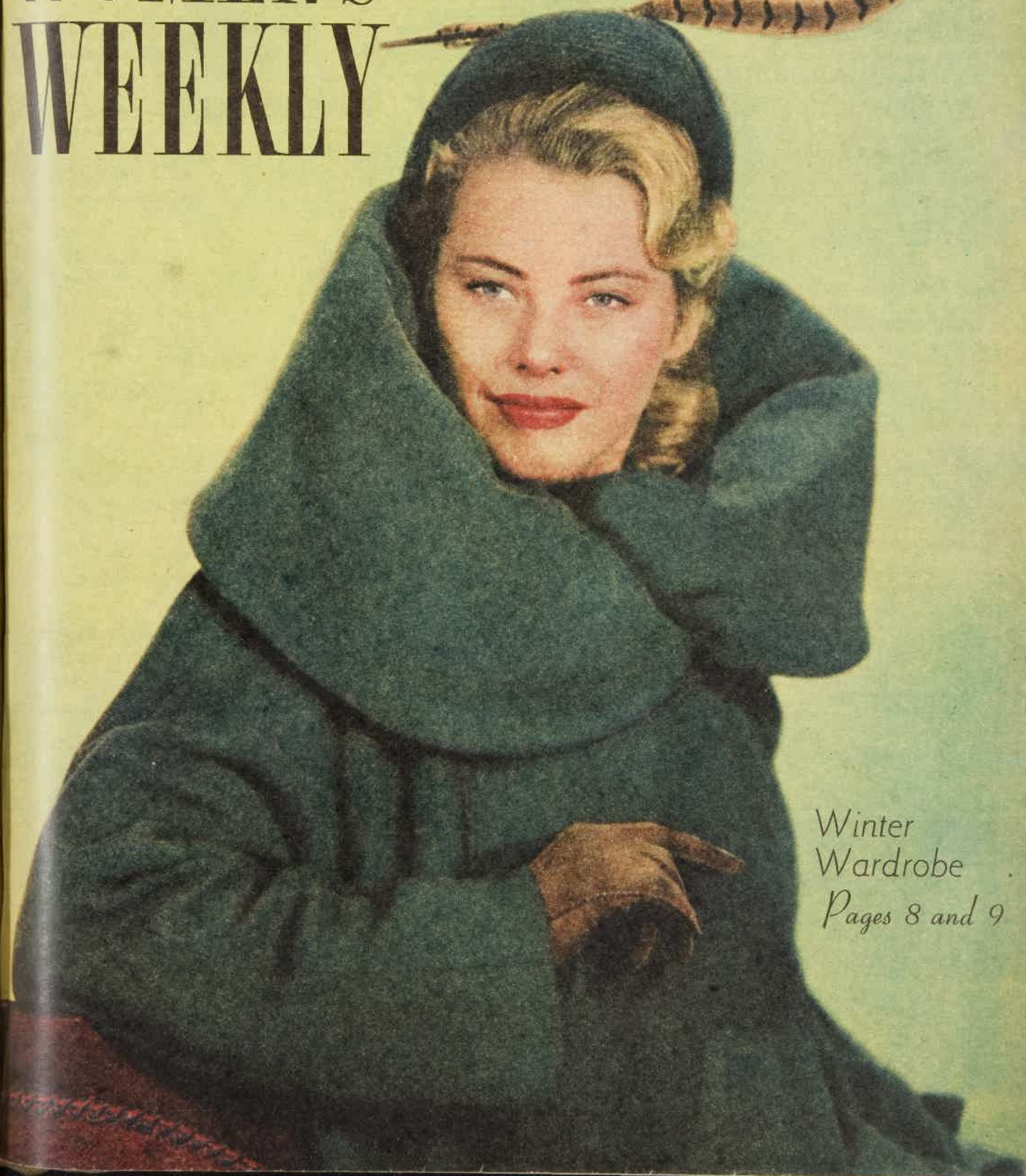
Registered in Australia for
transmission by post as a
newspaper.

APRIL 24, 1948

PRICE

4d.

The Australian
**WOMEN'S
WEEKLY**



Winter
Wardrobe
Pages 8 and 9

How to be Regular Again

-and build yourself
UP at the same time!

Nut-sweet Kellogg's All-Bran is
a natural LAXATIVE.
HEALTH FOOD AND BLOOD TONIC

Your health depends on what you eat every day. Kellogg's All-Bran will stimulate and maintain daily, gentle easy regularity. No medicines needed because it supplies the vital bulk your system needs.



Vitamin B₁
for the nerves

Niacin
for the skin

Vitamin B₂
for the eyes

Phosphorus
for the bones

Calcium
for the teeth

Iron
for the blood

Modern foods are often soft, mushy, over-cooked . . . little or no bulk in them. But Kellogg's All-Bran supplies bulk in a delicious, nut-sweet form. This smooth-acting bulk helps prepare internal wastes

for quick, easy and daily elimination. It starts your system functioning again the natural way.

BUILDS YOU UP . . .
Kellogg's All-Bran does more for

you than any laxative which is not also a food. Made from the vital outer layers of wheat, it brings you more protective food elements than wheat itself. Kellogg's All-Bran is an important source of Vitamins B₁ for the nerves, B₂ for the eyes, Calcium for the teeth, Phosphorus for the bones, Niacin for the skin and Iron for the blood. That is why it helps to build you up day by day as it relieves constipation. So change to Kellogg's All Bran . . . effective, gentle, pleasant and safe.

DELICIOUS THIS WAY . . .
Just sprinkle Kellogg's All-Bran over your breakfast cereal. You may prefer to eat it straight out of the packet with sliced fruit, milk and sugar. Your grocer has Kellogg's All-Bran. Get some to-day and be regular again.



All-Bran Muffins

1 cup Kellogg's All-Bran; 1 cup sifted flour; 1 teaspoon baking powder; 1 egg; 1/2 cup butter or other shortening; 1/2 cup brown sugar; 1 cup milk; Pinch of bicarbonate of soda; Pinch of salt.

Moisten All-Bran and soda with milk. Cream butter and sugar, gradually add beaten egg, All-Bran mixture, then stir in sifted flour, powder and salt, mixing evenly. Two-thirds fill buttered muffin or deep patty pans with mixture and bake in moderately hot oven for 15 to 20 minutes.

Remember! Your health depends on what you eat.



"Tired Blood" and Skin Blemishes!

When your blood falls below its proper iron level it becomes tired. Impurities clog the blood . . . pimples and blemishes appear. Kellogg's All-Bran is a blood tonic rich in iron—actually richer than spinach. It cleanses out BLOOD impurities as it cleanses out internal impurities. Helps keep skin clear, healthy—free from ugly blemishes.



THE NATURAL LAXATIVE, HEALTH FOOD, and BLOOD TONIC

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN[★]

★ Registered trade mark

ROBES BY VERLITA

By
JOYCE
DINGWELL

PRISSE turned into the softly lit, thickly carpeted salon and stood shaking with excitement while the bored young woman in the tight black dress accepted the final payment on her lay-by and reaching under the counter produced an elegant grey box.

On top of the box was printed "Robes by Verlita." Beneath the box was scribbled "P. Mallory, deposit £1." Within the box reposed the most beautiful and most sophisticated gown in all Little Upton.

The bored young woman tilted the lid and turned back a portion of the grey tissue paper to make sure Prissie was getting the right creation.

For a brief moment a look of humanity came into her eyes and she said almost kindly, "If you should change your mind you can choose another. There were several after it."

She was remembering a gawky, tow-haired child in a skimpy petticoat and low platform shoes sliding into an outrageously unsuitable frock. She was remembering surprising even her mercenary soul by hoping it would not fit.

But the sale was clinched, for it did fit. Even better than the proverbial pouring in, it looked as though it had grown on her.

"Well—how do you think I look, Jimmie?" she asked breathlessly.

"Your change, Madam," she murmured now. (Dash it all, the kid wasn't sixteen!)

"Thank you, Madam——" She was replacing the grey lid.

"If Madam should change her mind——" she hesitated again.

"I won't change my mind," said Prissie.

The young woman lost her humanity and became bored once more.

Prissie did not notice it. She did not notice anything all the way home to Fern Street. She was walking on air and wearing pink spectacles.

She carried the elegant box as though it contained eggs and managed to slip unnoticed into her bedroom.

There was no time to take it out. There was only time to stroke it reverently, then hide it under the elderdown. It was, she thought delightedly, the last word in sophistication—an artistic green, with a contrasting purplish yoke.

Even without anybody in it, it was positively darling, positively impossible.

"Tea," called Mum, and Prissie ran down the stairs to where the rest of the family had already congregated.

"If you were always as prompt as you are to-night I wouldn't have any complaints," said Mum, dishing potato pie.

Victoria, in a faded dressing-gown and curling pins and no face on, said, "Half that for me, Mum—mle, I'm wearing my white satin and my stomach sticks out."

"Ridiculous," snapped Mrs. Mallory, and to Prissie, who was also shaking her head. "Not you, too, young woman, you're not wearing any white satin."

No, thought Prissie, with an intake of breath and an intake of hash. I'm wearing a lovely, sleek, backless, strapless, frontless—well, almost frontless—Robe by Verlita.

For a moment she toyed with her dinner, recalling her necessity, as well as Vicki's, of not sticking out, but the golden crust and her healthy young appetite demanded precedence.

Between large mouthfuls she heard Mum say, "I pressed Gretchen for you Prissie. Johnnie, see you scrub your knees. Who's first for the bath?"

She listened to the loud exclamations, "Bags me," "I'm second," "I'm after Vic," and accepted her last position with almost suspicious sweetness.

They'll all be gone by the time I'm dressed, she thought. They'll all be out of the house when we glide down the steps together to dear Jimmie—me and Verlita.

Almost as though he had heard her, Dad said, "Young Jimmie Hastie is back, they tell me."

Two people went pink, Victoria and Prissie. Vicki went pink because she was thinking, "He'll be there to-night, he must be." Prissie went pink because she knew he would be.

She had written and asked him. She had told him what time to call and had said it was very important. He had answered by return post, promising he would arrive on the tick and adding cryptically that he believed he understood.

It was cryptic because he could not possibly understand—or could he? Perhaps he had realised even before she had. Perhaps one did not need a Robe by Verlita after all to—to— Nevertheless, one was very glad of that darling, impossible, outrageous thing upstairs under the elderdown.

Please turn to page 4

The Australian Women's Weekly
April 24, 1948—Page 3.

You can have the
SOFTTEST, SMOOTHEST SKIN
by using pure, mild Pears



Life seems full of stars when the one man whispers: "Darling, you're lovely... such sweet, adorable skin". Regular use of pure mild Pears helps so much.



Pears

Best start to a complexion that makes hearts beat double-time is a daily bath with Pears, right from babyhood. Wise Mothers give little ones this gentle bath-time lullaby with Pears.



Picture of loveliness in your wedding day—it comes from using Pears all through life. That soft, smooth skin, that fresh, radiant look says "glamour" always.

P. 11.82

for 1948

... FULLER HIPPS
... THE NEW LONGER HEMLINE
... SOFT, SQUARE SHOULDERS
... RADIANT NEW COLOURS



always in superb materials
tailored to perfection



N.2.871

JOHNNIE

tubwards first accompanied by Dad and the pumice stone.

Vicki and Prissie washed the dishes to the tune of his roars of pain.

"Small boys—" mused Vicki dreamily, almost maternally, and Prissie turned sharp eyes on her elder sister. She had noted a change of late in Victoria. A melowness! A sort of full bloom!

"Nasty little wretch," she said with elderly candor, then asked, "Is he going as Dick Whittington again?"

It was a foolish question. Johnnie always went to the Little Upton Grand Annual Adult and Juvenile Plain and Fancy Dress Ball as Dick Whittington, just as Victoria, and later herself, had always gone as Gretchen, the Dutch Girl.

"It's the romp they like—and the supper," Mrs. Mallory had said. "Really, it takes me all my time to dress them in everyday clothes, let alone treat them to a new fancy costume every year."

She laughed. "Victoria has grown out of all that. She is twenty and buying her own dresses. But Johnnie is quite happy in old Dick and Prissie will have to put up with Gretchen for another twelve months. After all, she's only fifteen."

"Sixteen, Mum," had interrupted Prissie.

"Fifteen and a half, darling, and not earning any money."

How could she, still at High School? But she had a savings box almost full. At least it had been almost full. She wiped the prongs of the forks and thrilled again at the realization of what was in her bedroom.

Mum came in and rubbed a hurried iron over her grey moure.

"I'm after you, Victoria," she reminded, "so don't soak. A quarter past already! We'll have to go on without Prissie. Shut the door properly, won't you, darling, and don't loiter once you leave the house."

The hall was practically next door. Prissie was glad of that because it meant the family would leave before her, so that she—and Verlita—would be alone when Jimmie arrived. Yet she was sorry, too. A mere hundred yards when her heart desired a hundred miles.

"Leave me your bobby pins when you take them out," she asked Vicki.

"What for? It's too late to set your hair, and you only ever wear one."

Yes, she did only wear one, but tonight she wore all that it took to hold up an elaborate upswep style.

She glanced at Vicki with pity. For a while her sister had displayed a glimmering of style. But lately she seemed to have settled down more than ever. A second time she caught that almost maternal, mellow, full-bloom sort of look, and she wondered.

Folks had coupled Jimmie with Vicki before he had left to do his examinations in the city, but Prissie could have told them better.

It was Prissie he always put his arm round and said, "This is the girl for me," not Victoria.

If he looked at Victoria as he said it, it meant nothing. It was she he had kissed at the station when they saw him off that night, and it was at that moment she really knew.

From then on that tall, red-headed prefect in the "Tech" High, who was the very image of Van Johnson, had faded as far in the background as that pink-and-white taffeta confection she had once admired in the Upton Supply Stores.

Kid stuff, she thought; bobby-sox standards! At one kiss she had become a woman, and Jimmie and Verlita had filled her heart. Tonight she would fill theirs.

Victoria came out in her white satin with her stomach held in. She looked nice in a childish sort of way. A starry-eyed sort of way. Why was she starry-eyed? She wasn't going with anyone.

A sudden suspicion crossed Prissie's mind, but she dismissed it airily. If Vicki had been interested in Jimmie she would have written to him.

If Jimmie had been interested in Vicki he would have scribbled more than that: "Say hullo to V. for me, will you, Angel?" in his letters to Miss Priscilla Mallory.

Angel! Prissie thrilled. It was

Robes by Verlita

Continued from page 3

because of that endearment she had bought Verlita. Jimmie had given her a halo—had put her on a pedestal—but she must prove to him she was something else besides.

She must show him she was down to earth as it were. A woman ripe for love, his love—his woman.

"Wash behind your ears," said her mother, and inspected Johnnie's as if from a simultaneous idea.

At last they were gone, and she was in the tub. She heard the door slam as the clock chimed. Fifteen minutes to go! She could just do it.

She showered, then scurried on bare feet into her bedroom.

It was still there, thank heaven. She knew it by the bump in the blue eiderdown.

She took it out gently and slid carefully within its smooth folds. She refrained from looking at all of her until she had made the essential changes in her appearance to go with her to-night's self.

Swiftly she upswep her tow hair, pinning hither and thither. She powdered her fair skin fairer and painted her young, pink mouth.

Two drops behind each ear of that precious "Three A.M." that had cost her one and six for the tiniest phial at Sexton's Bargain Basement, and the earrings she had bought from the same source, and she was ready.

The low platform shoes worried her, but Mum had refused higher heels and the money box had not held out. Verlita swirled right to the floor, however, and no one might notice.

She stood and regarded herself

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper. Short stories should be from 1200 to 2000 words; articles, up to 2500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection. Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 11858, G.P.O., Sydney.

at last, and nearly swooned with rapture. She looked terribly experienced and awfully smooth and quite, quite old. She looked every day, mark you, of twenty.

Next, she walked to see the effect. She took up her pillow for a dance partner and pivoted round and round. She bowed, she curtsied, she said in a seductive drawl, "Tell me about yourself—"

Suddenly she was hiding behind the door and shaking like a leaf as she heard Jimmie Hastie's voice.

"Hi, there, Prissie," he called, "that man's here again! The French window was open, so I walked right in. Shake a leg, Angel, there's lots I want to know."

She would never have dreamed she could have been so nervous. Even a final glance in the mirror did not calm her. But when he looks at me and gasps in surprise, she thought, all will be well.

Jimmie was standing with his back to the stairs, but when he heard her coming he turned and gasped even louder than she had anticipated in her most extravagant dreams.

"Well—how do you think I look, Jimmie?" she asked breathlessly.

"My gosh," he said, then he went into a paroxysm of wild laughter. "Oh, my gosh," he said again, and laughed more wildly than ever.

"Hysterics," thought Prissie. "He's been studying so hard, the poor, dear sweet, it's come as a shock. But when he gets control of himself—"

"Ah, that's better, now I've got control of myself," grinned Jimmie, wiping his eyes. "Pris, you little devil," he went on, "you should have been in vaudeville."

He circled round her, giggling appreciatively as he went.

"There's no one to touch you when it comes to a lark," he declared, then wiping his eyes again he added, "though, really, Angel, this is not a moment for laughter."

It was not, she thought, but when she groped for words none came.

"It's a great get-up," resumed Jimmie, not noticing her silence, then curiously, "What is it, anyway? Not—his voice was suddenly fraught—"not part of my darling's—er—Victoria's—er—trousseau?"

"This?" asked Prissie. Her tone was a little shrill.

"Well, women do wear green nighties—I mean negligees—I mean—Oh, dash it all, Angel, I can't wait any longer. Spill the beans."

This was her big moment, but inexplicably she marked time.

"What—what kind of beans?" she probed.

"For heaven's sake, infant," Jim shouted, "the beans you've been hinting about every letter six times a week since I've been gone. Does she or does she not? Vicki, Prissie. Don't keep me on tenterhooks, you horrible young female."

The room spun round and round. When it became normal again she found she was looking straight into Jimmie's eyes and suddenly she was aware of something she had glimpsed in Vicki's eyes—a melowness, a sort of full bloom.

She looked at him impersonally. Heavens, but he was old. He must be easily twenty-three or twenty-four. Middle-aged almost. Full bloom—why, he was positively over-ripe.

"Vicki—" managed Jimmie.

"She's gone on."

"But you told me to call Prissie—"

"Yes—I thought you'd like to know—"

"What? What, Prissie?"

"That she's—well, different. Jimmie. You know—"

"You mean—Oh, gosh! Oh, gosh, Angel!"

He caught her up in his arms and did a jig round the room. "Tell me about yourself—" she murmured in bitter memory, then suddenly she was recalling that red-headed prefect who was the very image of Van Johnson.

"Hurry up, brat," said Jim, releasing her, "the joke's getting stale. What is it to-night? Old Gretchen again?"

"What do you think?" she yelled back over her shoulder. "It taken Mum all her time to dress me for everyday, let alone treat me a new fancy costume every year, and I can't buy my own because I'm still at High School."

She thought how terrible it was to be growing as ancient and careworn as Vicki and Jim and having to earn your own living.

Sliding out of Verlita, she spent five precious minutes, during which Jimmie yelled blue murder, replacing her in the elegant grey box. She found the receipt and bedded it with Verlita. Thank goodness the assistant had said it could be changed.

For what, she thought, climbing into Gretchen. A pink and white taffeta? A new sunray skirt and a sloppy joe? A pair of bike peddars?

Heavens, she glowed, looking at her reflection. Gretchen does suit me, and no mistake. It's my blonde hair. Vicki, with her brownette, never matched half so well when she went in the Grand Parade.

She wondered what that red-headed prefect would wear. Richard! Such a darling name. Richard Ferguson! Mrs. Richard Ferguson—

"What in the name of goodness—" raged Jimmie.

"Coming," she said.

She slid down the banisters and landed in his arms.

"Thanks, kid—for everything," he murmured quite fondly, and to prove his thanks he kissed her.

He was shocked at her whole-hearted response and thought, "Mustn't do that again. Nippers get funny ideas when they're teenagers. Take things dashed serious—"

But he was never more wrong. The reaction was down another avenue altogether.

Never had Prissie thought that she could be kissed by Mr. James Hastie and feel so—absolutely nothing.

Warmly she kissed him back for letting her know, and together they left the house and walked a hundred little yards, that seemed a hundred long miles, to Victoria and Richard.

(Copyright)

SQUADRON-LEADER FORRESTER, now stationed in Burma, has worked himself into a state of dangerous tension brooding over the death of his young bride in a London air-raid, when HARRIS, the medical officer, takes him to visit a settlement of Burmese Christians across the plain from the Air Force station.

There Forrester meets English-educated DOROTHY, her beautiful younger sister, ANNA, and the energetic missionary, MISS McNAB. He is conscious of an immediate affinity with ANNA, and this brings about the first stirrings of a better attitude within him, particularly towards BLORE, his tent-mate, and his new aviator, CARRINGTON.

The settlement is bombed when Forrester and Harris are on a subsequent visit, and in danger shared together the feeling between Forrester and Anna deepens.

Later, Harris sends Forrester to bring SISTER BURKE and an ambulance to his assistance. Helping to unload the ambulance stretchers, Forrester recalls that Anna had wanted to see him on his return.

NOW READ ON:—

FORRESTER found the girl standing by the door of the dispensary, leaning her head backwards against the teakwood post of the door. He held her face, feeling it cool and tired in his two hands.

"You were going to tell me something," he said.

"It wasn't much."

"Tell me," he said.

"It was something to give you," she said.

He felt her draw his two hands down from her face, pressing them together. When he opened them again, a small white packet of soft paper was clinging to the sweat of one palm. He stared at it for a moment, not knowing what to do.

"Open it," she said. "It's for you."

He opened the paper slowly, leaning a little nearer the light inside the dispensary hut. In a moment he saw the light shining on the brilliant pinkish blood of a ruby, small but clear.

"It's for you," she said again.



"Mr. Frester, sir, this is everlasting honor," the little man said, bowing elaborately to Forrester.

THE PURPLE PLAIN

He could not answer.

"You have no one to give it to," she said.

"No."

"I'm glad," she said. "Because now you can keep it for me."

More than ever, he did not know what to say. He stood staring first at her face and then at the ruby.

Then suddenly he closed his palm very tightly, so tightly that he could feel the stone pressing into his flesh, and held the clenched palm with the fiercest tenderness against her face. All he had ever felt about himself seemed small and rotten.

"I can't say anything," he said.

"Don't say anything," she said.

"There's nothing to say. It's a little thing for you to keep for me. That's all."

"I shall keep it," he grinned. "I'll carry it with me all the time. My lucky stone for flying."

"When are you coming again?" she asked.

"To-morrow. Every day."

"Will you fly to-morrow?"

"Yes," he said. "I think so."

Before she could speak again, he saw the door of the house open. A moment later Miss McNab and Sister Burke came out, carrying one of the children on a stretcher.

"We must go," she said.

"No," he said. "Not for a moment."

He held her face again between his two hands, calm now. He watched her dark eyes that in his own shadow were without a glimmer of light. "I had a lot of things to say to you."

"To-morrow," she said.

"Probably they would seem stupid to you," he said.

"No," she said. "I could see the trouble in your face when you came yesterday. Nothing would seem stupid."

"Listen, please," he said. "I want to say this."

Across the compound, Sister Burke and Miss McNab had loaded the first of the stretchers into the ambulance and now were walking back to the house. Burke was carrying the empty stretcher on her shoulder.

Forrester heard her, in a purposely lifted voice, say, "Always missing when you need them most, some people!"

He let her go on across the compound and up the steps of the verandah before he spoke again. "I shall try to come every day to see you," he said.

"Yes," she said gently.

"But if I don't come one day I shall come the next. And if not that day, the next. And if not the next, the next."

"Yes."

"Whatever happens," he said.

She came very close to him, and he ran his fingers along her cream-cool, smooth arms.

"You said something about never going back to England," she said.

"I meant that."

"Would you stay here?"

"I think I would. Yes," he said.

"It would be very wonderful," she said.

He heard Burke and Miss McNab emerge for the second time from the house. This time he did not look up. All that was happening and had happened across the compound seemed for a few moments like part of a remote world. It seemed shut

off from him by the bar of light under the tree.

In the moment of feeling this he said to the girl, very quietly and very detached, no longer troubled, "I wanted to die."

She kept silent, looking straight at his face.

"For a long time," he said. "I was trying to die. Every day." He felt himself speaking with astonishing calm. "But not now. That's why you thought I was troubled."

He turned his back to the compound, holding the girl in front of him. He bent down and kissed her with unhurried tenderness.

As she moved her head, the rose-pink flower woven into the scroll of her hair fell away, as he always expected it would, and he caught it with his hands.

By H. E. BATES

"Your flower," he said. He held it for her to take from his hands. The stem was milky and he could smell the fragrance of the blossom.

"What flower is this?" he said.

"The frangipani. The flower of immortality," she said, "because it can live on and on, without soil or water, forever." She smiled at him.

"You will see. It will be there when you come again. This blossom will fade, and then another will open."

"I shall look for it," he said.

"Don't die again," she said. "Inside yourself. It isn't good."

"Never again," he said. "Not now."

"I'm so glad," she said.

"Some day I will tell you more about it than this."

"Good-bye," she said. "They will be calling for you again."

Walking across to the gate, he saw Burke going into the house, followed by the orderly, to fetch the last of the stretcher cases. Harris and Miss McNab were walking together across the compound.

Miss McNab spoke, saying, "Mr. Forrester, I'd like to talk to ye, but there's no time," dropping a little behind Harris as they walked.

She did not speak again for a moment or two. And halfway across the compound he turned for the last time and looked towards the little dispensary. In that moment Miss McNab said, "Ah! It'll not matter now."

Forrester got up into the jeep, and she stood leaning against the side of it.

"Ye've made a great impression on her, Mr. Forrester," she said. "I can see that. Ah, I've knocked about a bit. I know."

"I shall be back," he said. "I know ye will."

"Whatever happens. That's a promise," he said.

"No need to promise. I know." From the door of the house, he heard Burke shouting, "There's some ye know in two minutes, and some ye don't," Miss McNab concluded.

A few moments later the ambulance was loaded. He saw Burke pushing her way towards him through the crowd of faces.

Miss McNab smiled and said,

"Thank you for all you did, Mr. Forrester. Ah, it's a terrible thing,

all of it, an awful thing. It's nice to think of one decent thing coming out of it . . ."

With one aircraft burned, a crew dead and his own ground crew time-expired, Forrester knew there would be little flying for a day; yet he was surprised, next morning, by a note from Harris, delivered to him by Ali while he breakfasted.

"There is a Mr. Pang, or Penang, or Phang, or Prang, or some such name," it said, "over at the river settlement. He is asking for medical stuff for minor casualties. Could you go over? You'll find him at the school. The corporal will give you the stuff and Anna will take you."

"Aldridge," the note added, "has been appeased."

Forrester put the pleasant jovial note in his trouser pocket. Momentarily it struck him as curious that Aldridge, his commanding officer, should have been informed so early of Harris' irregular business with the gentleman at the settlement. Then he forgot it, and drove out across the plain with the box of medical supplies about ten o'clock.

He saw the girl with a shock of delight as she came out of the house in a blouse of pale green and a long-slit, almost betel-red skirt. There was a liquid delicate surprise in her face as she came and held his hands.

"Only half an hour ago Miss McNab has gone to the settlement!" she said.

He was suddenly glad McNab had gone. "We can take the jeep," he said.

"We have the river to get over," she said.

"And how do we get over?"

"There is a ferry," she said. "The school is on the other side."

Please turn to page 10

Page 5

FASHION'S CLIMAX ...

The new look



*Mlle. Maggy Sarragne
Famous French Mannequin*



**KEY to the
NEW PINK LOOK**

FACE POWDER	
Apache or Peche	Box 3/7
LIPSTICK	
Mayfair Pink	2/10, 3/11, 5/11
ROUGE	Mayfair Pink 2/7
NAIL ENAMEL	Mayfair Pink 2/7
ROSE MILK BASE	3/7
ALMOND MILK BASE	3/7

paul Duval
PERSONALISED COSMETICS

at Paul Duval Beauty Salon, 3-4 Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney
AND AT ALL CHEMISTS AND EXCLUSIVE STORES

DNL-WWT

DON'T FORGET TO WRITE

EVERY summer, when it came to his vacation time, Drake Holloway suffered a brief attack of conscience.

Usually, this assailed him first when he began packing his expensive luggage, reached its climax when he said good-bye to Barbara and began to subside when the train was half an hour or so on its way.

It had something to do with the fact that he was off for several weeks of luxurious play at the beaches and that Barbara was stuck in town.

He was in the worst of the throes now, as he stood on the station platform waiting for the signal that would free him from the swelter of the city in midsummer.

It was a day of evil, inescapable heat, and, although it was barely noon, already Barbara looked ready to drop. But, with the gallantry that was peculiarly hers, she mustered up quite a gay smile at the last minute.

"Take care of yourself," she told Drake. "Send me a postcard!"

Drake had been touched—so touched that in the last split second before the train started to move he leaned down and touched Barbara's mouth lightly with his own.

She looked up quickly, her lips half-parted. Then, as the train gathered speed, she turned and walked rapidly down the platform, her head bent, as women bend their heads when their eyes fill with tears and they do not want others to see.

Watching her out of sight, Drake felt his own eyes mist over for an instant. Then, turning, he entered the crowded coach and found a seat.

He closed his eyes and leaned his head back comfortably.

Immediately, Barbara's face rose before him. He stirred uncomfortably, in an involuntary effort to shake off his sense of guilt.

After all, he told himself determinedly, it wasn't his fault that Barbara had to sweat it out, literally, in town, while he was free to relax at Longport. Nor was it his fault that when she did finally get her two-week vacation she would have to spend it in some cheap, unheated spot.

The Shoreham, Longport's one exclusive hotel, was a long way out of Barbara's price bracket; and he certainly couldn't invite her to Sea Gull House, his aunt's summer show place.

He could almost hear Aunt Connie's voice, which sounded more like a dry axle each year: "But, Drake, dear, who is Barbara Wood?" And he heard himself trying to explain that she was a perfectly wonderful girl who worked as a draughtsman at Holloway & Hobbs; that she was one of the best they had, and that she'd been with the firm for nearly five years.

Great Scott, he asked himself in parentheses, was it as long as that?

His thoughts returned to Aunt Connie. He could also tell her that Barbara was working like a dog just now on a book tracing the architectural development of the home through the ages—popular stuff, and very good, too, from what he had seen of it.

Aunt Connie, he knew, would not be impressed. There were only three things that Aunt Connie and her crowd understood—family, money, and fame—and Barbara lacked all three. It was too bad, but there it was.

As long as Aunt Connie held the reins there was no point in embarrassing everyone by trying to bring Barbara into the picture. But Aunt Connie couldn't live forever. She

must be pushing eighty pretty hard by now.

The train stopped and started... stopped again, and started again... Ordinarily, by this time, Drake's conscience had begun to subside into its habitual state of coma, but this year it was different.

There had been something in that last, quick look of Barbara's which continued to haunt him—something which gave him an uneasy feeling of having been weighed and found wanting.

That was imagination, of course. There was no reason in the world why Barbara should feel like that about him after all this time. He wasn't perfect, of course, but he had always been absolutely fair where she was concerned.

In the five years he had known her, he had been particularly careful never, either by word or deed, to express anything more than a rather casual friendship. Actually, he had never even kissed her before.

It hadn't been easy, either. Barbara was far and away the most attractive woman he knew, and he was tremendously fond of her. In fact, he would probably end by marrying her, when the time seemed right.

In the meantime, by employing what Drake called "the light touch," he had managed to maintain the status quo to his entire satisfaction.

So far, it had worked out nicely. He continued to live his own life in the set to which the Holloway name and Aunt Connie's money admitted him, acquiring the young society women of his acquaintance when it suited him.

When he got fed up with that, there was always Barbara.

Barbara, too, he imagined, had a fairly interesting time of it.

She was popular, he knew. Men liked her for her comradeship, her lack of guile, her humor, and for a certain shining integrity of thought and feeling. Besides, she had an exceptionally high quotient of physical attractiveness.

"Barbara's the only woman I know that you can be in love with and still go on liking when you know she doesn't want you," was the way Russ Peterson once summed it up. "She doesn't keep you dangling. You always know where you stand with her."

Certainly Drake knew where he stood. For Barbara, deep down beneath the debonaire cloak she wore for the world, was definitely a one man woman, and Drake was that one man.

Only once in all the time he had known her had he entertained any misgivings on that score. Barbara had asked him to mail a postcard for her one evening after he had taken her home from a dinner-dance. It was addressed to Paddy Ingles, he remembered.

Drake had taken it, turned it over, and with the air of easy proprietorship which he had come to assume with her, read the message on the back. It was signed, "Love, Barbara."

It had given him quite a jolt, but he had been careful to conceal the fact.

"Love?" he had queried lightly. "I didn't know you were in love with Paddy."

"Don't be silly," Barbara had laughed. "I sign myself that way to people who are just friends. I'd never dream of doing it if I were really in love with him, Paddy."



understands, and so does everyone else."

Drake had been more relieved than he would have cared to admit, remembering that she never sent "love" in her letters to him. They were signed noncommittally, "All the best," or "Always."

"Longport—Longport, next stop!" Drake peered out the window. Sure enough, they were almost there.

The summer routine of Longport's wealthy set had not altered in any appreciable degree. From the moment of his arrival Drake was caught up in the familiar round of cocktails and informal dinners, beach parties and tennis matches, and small, exclusive dances at the Country Club.

It was all very diverting—so diverting that it was ten days before Drake remembered to send that postcard to Barbara.

She always replied to his cards

Now, if it only turned out to be a best-seller, that would simplify everything. A successful author, attractive, living in the right part of town, being seen at the right places—there was something that even Aunt Connie could understand and accept.

It might be possible then to marry Barbara.

His eye, scanning the letter once more, settled on the interrogation mark. Let's see, what was it she had asked? Oh, yes, about her vacation.

"Have you any suggestions?" she said.

Drake smiled. This was an out-and-out invitation for him to suggest Longport. And she could afford the Shoreham now—for two or three weeks, anyway.

It was quite a temptation. But it wouldn't do—not yet. He'd have to spend time with her if she came down here, and it would be awkward explaining to his crowd. Next summer, now, if the book turned out to be really top-notch...

Contrary to custom, Drake answered her letter that same evening, with an eagerness which surprised himself. He congratulated Barbara wholeheartedly on the book prospect; then proceeded to reply to her query.

He explained that Longport was crowded to the gills this summer; that he understood the Shoreham just wasn't taking any more reservations. Sea Gull House was swarming with Aunt Connie's friends and relatives (he lied), or he'd invite her there.

It was a blamed nuisance, he said, but there it was. He did have an idea, though. There was a decent little hotel at Ardenne, about twenty miles above Longport, where she might be able to get accommodation.

He'd see about it, if she liked. It wasn't a bad spot, and he could run up and see her once in a while.

It all sounded very plausible when he read it over.

Almost ten days passed before she replied. When her letter reached

"Love—" Drake read, and stared at the signature, unbelieving.

him he was surprised to see that it had a strange postmark. His aunt had remembered to give it to him on his way out for the evening with a girl whom she approved.

With an urgency rare to him he excused himself and ripped open the envelope.

Barbara was sorry to have taken so long to answer his nice letter, but she had been terribly busy.

The publishers wanted to get her book out as soon as possible, which meant working like mad for the next few weeks on revisions and planning the illustrations. So she had advanced her vacation a bit in order to be able to get on with things.

Ray French's mother had a lovely little house not far from Portland, and they were up there now, plugging away like beavers. She didn't mind it, though, because they didn't work every minute, and between sessions there was nothing to do but swim, or lie on the beach, or go sailing in Ray's sloop.

It was doing her a world of good.

"Thanks ever so much for your offer to try to find me a spot at Ardenne," she wrote in her last paragraph, "but I won't be getting down that way after all. I know you'll understand. Have a grand vacation."

The letter was signed, "Love, Barbara."

"Love—" Drake stared at the signature, unbelieving. Love! But Barbara had said, had assured him...

"If you're quite through reading your love letter," his companion broke in icily on his whirling thoughts, "we should be going."

Drake shook his head, dazedly. "Oh, yes... Yes, of course," he faltered, then he swallowed hard.

"But you're wrong about the letter," he said, and his voice sounded forlorn. "It's not a—love letter at all."

(Copyright)

By ENID GRIFFIS

and notes promptly and lengthily.

Drake felt slightly aggrieved, therefore, when, this time, nearly two weeks passed with no response; but her letter, when it came, explained everything. She had been working hard and had turned the first draft of her book in to the publishers.

"They like it," reported Barbara. "In fact, they're slightly hysterical about it. Ray French, the man who passes on books like mine (very nice he is, too), invited me out for cocktails to talk the whole thing over."

"They're giving me an alluring contract and a handsome advance payment. Isn't that wonderful? I've just about decided to squander it on a holiday at some really lush place. Have you any suggestions?"

There was more—mostly amusing gossip—and then the familiar, "Always, Barbara."

There was only part of the letter that really interested Drake, the part about the book. So she had really pulled it off. Good for Barb!

Winter Wardrobe

by Mary Hordern



Materials cost only £11

MODELLED on these pages is a winter wardrobe which I designed to provide basic garments for autumn and winter, with variety and glamor, at a minimum cost.

Materials for the clothes illustrated cost under £11.

Although clever ideas sponsored by Paris designers are featured, there is nothing too complex for the average home dressmaker to handle.

Patterns have been cut by our Fashion Pattern Department from the actual clothes shown here. Directions for obtaining them are given below.

OVERCOAT: Complies with voluminous lines decreed by all overseas designers. It is made with a stiffened detachable collar, worn flat with cape effect, as a hood, or high as a storm collar, as shown on our cover. If you prefer it, make the collar of fur, plaid, or tweed, backed with lighter or darker toned material than the coat.

Other good colors for this coat would be mustard-yellow, lilac, crimson, light beige, tortoiseshell, or verdegriis-green. Be sure the color chosen goes with both your frock and suit.

Coat and suit were made by W. F. Nelson Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

Pine-green heavy wool material used cost 13/6 yd. Coat requires 4½ yds. 54in. material. Mary Hordern Fashion Pattern No. 5085, price 3/6.

+ + +

EVENING FROCK is made in two pieces. The fitted bodice of black velvet has a halter-neck strap pulled wide under the

The Australian Women's Weekly — April 24, 1945



arms. If you like, trim it with roses or velvet bows. The skirt can be any color and is made on a drawstring, giving fullness.

Black velvet used cost 13/9 yd. and yellow crepe cost 9/11 yd. Skirt requires 3yds. 36in. material; bodice requires 1yd. 36in. material.

Mary Hordern Fashion Pattern No. 5084, price 3/6.

+ + +

DAY FROCK is a two-piece. Top, with scooped basque, can be worn outside or tucked into the skirt. It is made with a small collar and magyar sleeves. Trim it with either a crisp white starched collar or a black velvet bow. The peg-top skirt, made with seamed tucks, can also be worn with sweaters for casual occasions.

Pink light wool material used cost 14/- a yard. Frock requires 2½yds. 54in. material.

Mary Hordern Fashion Pattern No. 5086, price 3/6.

SUIT WITH TWO SKIRTS: Select whatever color will tone with your overcoat. Coat of the suit is made with magyar sleeves, nipped waist, simple rolled collar. One skirt has a peg top made with small tucks and one back pleat.

The second skirt is made with panelled flares overpleated. It can be worn with a sweater and flat shoes for the country or with the tailored coat for town.

Self-stripe tan woollen weave used cost 14/11 yd. Jacket requires 1½yds. 54in. material; straight skirt requires 1yd. 54in. material; swing skirt requires 2½ yds. 54in. material.

Mary Hordern Fashion Pattern No. 5087, price 3/6.

All patterns are in bust sizes 32-38. When ordering, state your size. Fashion Pattern Department address is on page 39.



HERCO
Sgd. Trade Mark

OLIVE SKIN LOTION

Your favourite SKIN LOTION now available as a SKIN CREAM in TUBES

1/3 OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE

HERCO OLIVE SKIN CREAM

CONTAINS OLIVE OIL

H.5A.16

USE SPARINGLY — ITS SUPER CONCENTRATED

IT HAPPENS IN TWO SECONDS



MAKE THE GLASS OF WATER TEST YOURSELF!
Drop a Bayer's Aspirin Tablet into a glass of water. Within 2 seconds, it starts to disintegrate. That's what happens when you swallow it — hence the quick relief.

Within two seconds after starting, speed typists can type at the amazing rate of 42,600 strokes per hour!



And, as this glass-of-water test proves, within two seconds after you take Bayer's Aspirin Tablets they're ready to go to work to bring fast pain relief.

FAST PAIN RELIEF

When a headache, cold, flu or muscular ache is making you miserable, take Bayer's Aspirin Tablets for fast relief. Millions the world over know that Bayer's Aspirin Tablets are ready to go to work in two seconds. They disintegrate so amazingly quickly because three important steps — not just one — are used in their quality manufacture.

The single active ingredient of Bayer's Aspirin Tablets is so remarkably effective that doctors prescribe it regularly for pain relief.

Bayer's Aspirin Tablets contain no harmful drugs that affect the heart or digestion.

ALWAYS ASK FOR GENUINE **BAYER'S ASPIRIN** TABLETS

The Purple Plain

Continued from page 5

FORRESTER drove the jeep slowly through the village, and out through a stretch of dusty half forest.

Nearer the river came long screens of bamboo, the papery fronds stirring a little in the breeze.

A hundred yards out lay the wreck of a river steamer, half submerged, the white paint above the water-line blistered away in long curls, and half a mile below it Forrester could see the ferry.

It was made of two sampan-like craft lashed together with planks and bamboo and poled by small darkish men, naked except for brown-purple waistcloths, just floating in from the other side.

They left the jeep on the higher track above the shore and in ten minutes were being ferried over with an oxcart, a dozen peasants, and two water buffaloes.

The dark little ferrymen lashed at the water with twenty-foot poles of bamboo and ran straining and pushing along the ferry deck, crying incomprehensibly, wild-haired and sweating as they struggled against the deep currents of mid-stream.

"What do they say?" he said. "I can't tell. They are strange people. They come from nowhere."

On the other bank of the river, Forrester and the girl walked up a track of sand made into a tolerable road by laid sheaves of bamboo. And then down the bamboo road came a sudden figure.

It came as if borne on a parachute bicycle. It wore a bright magenta shirt, with long brown trousers and a very green, very civilised Hamburg hat, and over it all it carried, giving the parachute effect, a black umbrella. It was Mr. Prang.

He leaped off the bicycle with an agile, podgy flourish, grinning brilliantly. The umbrella acted as a kind of air brake until Anna smilingly relieved him of it.

"This is the schoolmaster for the settlement," Anna said. "Mr. Forrester."

"Mr. Presta, sir!" Mr. Prang bowed with beautifully elated zeal, taking off his hat. "Mr. Presta, sir, this is everlasting honor."

He shook hands with Forrester. "I am seeing you coming!" he explained. "I am dashing to meet you on the bike!"

"He is from Rangoon, too," the girl said. "We were great friends there." Forrester looked quickly at Mr. Prang, who was a man of twenty-eight or thirty, and felt, before he could check or consider it, the oddest start of jealousy.

"Yes, Mr. Presta, sir. I am, too, from Rangoon. I am a student of far English."

"Advanced English," Anna said. "Far advanced," Mr. Prang said. "That's me. You are knowing London, Mr. Presta, sir?"

"Yes." "There is somewhat of ruin there?"

"Yes." "And death?"

"Yes," Forrester said, and the word had neither meaning nor terror nor even association at that moment in memory.

The three of them walked together up the bamboo road, Mr. Prang talking with unctuous joviality of Rangoon until they presently heard the voices of children and saw the flash of white and brown and purple dresses in settlement compounds.

"There is the school," the girl said. "One bomb drops here. One in river," Mr. Prang said. Bright butter-brown children were running about the wooden school hut and the road.

"But no death. Only wounds. That is why I ask Miss McNab for medicines."

"Has the missionary come?"

"Oh no, sir. Was she to be expected? She was here yesterday."

"I think she will be across the river," the girl said.

"Please to rest in the school," Mr. Prang said. "This way, Anna, Mr. Presta, sir."

The dusty compound of the school hut was shaded by a few pipal trees. Groups of small children came laughing to run by the bicycle, and Mr. Prang, with a flourish of podgy, coppery-cream fingers, rang the bell.

They sat for a time on the wooden steps of the schoolhouse eating pale green slices of melon brought by Mr. Prang, the shade of the umbrella breaking the heat of the sun.

"The children will bring flowers for you," Mr. Prang said.

Forrester and the girl got up from the steps of the schoolhouse and walked across the compound to meet the children, who were bringing garlands of cream-and-crimson flowers, and brown-eyed marigolds.

The girl bent down to her knees, so that the children could place the garland round her neck. Then Forrester, too, bent down, but he was too tall for the children to reach him.

Finally, as he knelt on the ground, the hot dust burning his knees, the compound full of the light laughter of children and the shrill ringing of the bell on Mr. Prang's bicycle, the children danced about him. The garland went over his neck, and then as he looked up he saw, the girl watching him in a quiet, secret way, smiling tenderly.

"Now you will have somewhat of happiness on your journey!" Mr. Prang said. "Now you will have good luck, sir!"

"Thank you," Forrester said. He stood with the flowers about his neck, smiling and happy, and then he remembered Mr. Prang's umbrella, and shut it and handed it back to him.

"Oh, no, sir, Mr. Presta," he said. "The umbrella may be lent. Please to take it now. It is very essential for the heat."

"It really isn't necessary." "Mr. Presta, sir!"

"Let us take it," Anna said. "It is of the greatest simplicity."

Mr. Prang said, "You may leave it with Anna, and then, to-morrow or the next day, I have the possibility to get it back."

"It is very kind," Forrester said. "Mr. Presta, sir," Mr. Prang said, "it is everlasting honor!"

In another moment it was all over. The children were waving, Mr. Prang was waving, and Forrester and the girl were calling last farewells.

"Farewell!" Mr. Prang shouted. "Farewell, Mr. Presta, sir!"

Standing on the boat under the umbrella, the girl and Forrester were ferried back. In the heat the glitter of sunlight leaped glassily sharp from the green-yellow water, flashing up beneath the umbrella.

It seemed no cooler in the jeep as they drove away, churning out from deep hollows of yellow river sand, on the other side. At last Forrester felt sweat pouring down from under his cap, running into his eyes so that he could not see. There was nothing to do but stop and wipe his face.

Sitting there, drying his face with his handkerchief, and then the saturated rim of his hat, he looked at the girl, cool and pale beside him, and then at the river, pale green and transparent.

It, too, looked wonderfully cool, and the girl spoke as if suddenly she knew what was in his mind.

"You could swim," she said. "The river is good now."

The thought of swimming drained through his mind with delicious freshness, and he said, "Will you swim, too?"

"I have nothing to wear. To-night I will make something to wear," she said. "To-morrow we can swim together."

They got out of the jeep and she walked through the fringe of bamboo to the river edge while he undressed himself.

As she walked away, he took off his own garland of flowers and threw it over her head, so that she wore a double ruffle of cream and crimson and brown gold.

Forrester left his underpants on and then went into the water at a run. He seemed to go down to the depth of all the coolness in the world, and then up again, with exquisite relief, into the high dazzle of sun.

He trod water for a moment or two and brushed the water out of his eyes, and then looked at where she lay on the sand.

"Wonderful!" he called.

Please turn to page 13

Interesting People



LT.-GENERAL F. H. BERRYMAN
Royal tour personality

JOB of directing forthcoming

Royal visit holds no terrors for military man Lieutenant-General Frank Horton Berryman, General Officer Commanding Eastern Command. Graduate of the Royal Military College, Duntroon, he served with A.I.F. in World War I as junior officer. Served in this way in North Africa, Syria, and New Guinea. At 54, this is his 33rd year as Staff Corps officer. He is noted for organising ability and tact.



LADY DILL

... hunting food only sport

BRITISH Red Cross representative

Lady Dill came to Australia to express appreciation for food parcels. Widow of former Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Sir John Dill, she has turned her Wiltshire home into a farm, breeds rabbits, cows. Says a good cow that has calved costs 300 to 400 guineas. "Only sport in England now is hunting food," she commented. Thinks our football, cricket team wonderful representatives to send abroad.



MR. HANS HEWEG

... visiting Danish artist

PORTRAIT painting, display for

film publicity, magazine illustration are main work of Danish artist, Hans Helweg, visiting here with his wife, Jane Barrett, female lead in Ealing's "Eureka Stockade". Born in Denmark, he went to London when two, as his father was a professor there. Has divided time between Europe and America. Met Jane when in England with U.S. Army. Has charming home in Danish coast, consisting of five one-room log cabins in circle.

I was a day in which things happened, and Trudy thought of days like this as "happening" days; they were brightly special, and rare. As a start, Grandfather had taken the three of them, Grandmother and Aunt Estelle and Trudy, to lunch in town amid the plush and glitter of the Easterbridge Hotel dining-room.

True, the chocolate pudding which had topped off the meal still lay uneasily in her stomach; but it had been a lovely pudding.

Now at the procession, tense in starched white frills, she perched high on Grandfather's shoulder and watched the Prime Minister go by. The Prime Minister was visiting the town and the streets were festive with cheering people and the fine music of brass bands.

The Prime Minister sat beside the Mayor in the back of a large, shiny motor-car, which was no larger than Grandfather's motor-car—one of the first—but the Prime Minister was noticeably larger than Grandfather.

Trudy was dismayed by the thought. She felt a quick sense of disloyalty and guilt and tightened her grip defensively round the top of Grandfather's head. He said, "Ow!"

"Don't pull Grandfather's hair, dear," said Grandmother.

Aunt Estelle laughed softly, and Trudy twisted to look at her. She loved to look at Aunt Estelle when she laughed, or spoke, or moved, or was just still and smiling.

Presently it was all over and they were in the car on their way home.

Grandmother was shouting to Grandfather, trying to make herself heard above the roar of the car's engine. "We shall wait dinner for Mr. Pritchard!"

"Yes, Elizabeth!" shouted Grandfather. "His train gets in at seven!" Aunt Estelle said, "I wonder if he's handsome."

"Estelle!" Grandmother turned reprovingly. "I can't think why you say such things. How would Peter feel? His devotion, ever since you were children—"

"Peter and I are not engaged, Mother. And if we are to have a strange man to stay, it'll be nice if he is handsome."

Grandmother made a fuming sound. "Estelle, when I was a girl, people would have called you a flirt. It's hard to say of my own daughter, but there have been so many young men, and Peter has been so patient—"

Trudy sat still and felt a pleasant thrill of anticipation. That was the thing about a happening day—once things started you never knew where they'd stop. She listened to the soft floating sound of Aunt Estelle's laughter, and knew her for a happening person, a princess in a fairy tale.

Probably the man who was coming to stay would sweep her up into the saddle of his snow-white charger and ride away into the moon. Probably Peter would . . . she hic-coughed.

Grandmother looked at her. "I thought you ate too much pudding, at the time. Do you feel well, dear?"

"Yes, I do," said Trudy.

The thing that happened next, in the late afternoon, was most exciting. Trudy, feeling a need to be alone with the still uneasy interior presence of her pudding, went out into the garden and climbed the terrace to the summer house, a pleasant place, built of wrought iron over which honeysuckle and small yellow roses climbed.

She looked down at the rest of the garden and suddenly, under one of the white painted iron benches, she saw something move.

It was a dog and his tail was wagging up and down, rather weakly. She went to him and saw that he was a very large dog of a nameless and nondescript color. He had a large, homely head, and he looked at Trudy, quietly, with brown, apologetic eyes.

She touched the top of his head. "You're hungry?" she asked.

He ate everything Trudy brought him. She felt excited and adventurous, ransacking the kitchen cupboard while Anna was busy in the pantry doing extra things for the expected dinner guest. The dog ate half a chocolate cake and four



"He's such a nice dog, and he's taken a fancy to you, Grandmother," said Trudy coaxingly.

old sausages and a bowl of apple sauce and a piece of tart and numerous cheese biscuits, and as he lay finally at her feet and licked her shoes, Grandfather appeared.

"Good gracious!" said Grandfather. "What's that?"

"It's a poor, hungry dog," Trudy talked quickly. "And tired, and lost too. He wants to live here."

Grandfather stared at the dog.

"I'll be bound, I never saw anything like that before," he said. "I think he's part Newfoundland and part bloodhound, and part—oh, well." He seemed momentarily shaken, and then he looked at Trudy with that special look of his that she loved.

It was an intimate, slightly raffish twinkle that shared a delightful, secret knowledge. He said: "Wants to live here, eh?"

"He could sleep by my bed and be a watchdog and—watch."

"Hmmm," said Grandfather. "Well—hmm. Your grandmother"

"Yes," said Trudy. "I know."

"He's very dirty," said Grandfather, bending down to scratch the dog's ears. "What's his name?"

"Well, I don't know," said Trudy.

"He has no collar to tell us. But I s'pose we could name him something."

Grandfather studied the dog thoughtfully. After a while he said, "Hubert."

"Is that a dog name?" asked Trudy.

"It's a good dog name," he said, and she knew immediately that it was the best dog name in the world. "I think we ought to bath him," he added.

Hubert was noticeably alarmed about his bath, which was administered surreptitiously in the basement.

Then he came out much lighter in color, which Grandfather said in a dubious tone was "brindle" and they rubbed him dry with dirty towels from the laundry basket.

Then they led him round to the terrace, where Grandmother and Aunt Estelle sat, dressed for dinner.

"Well, well!" Grandfather cried heartily. "We've brought you something!"

"Alfred!" Grandmother's voice was sharp. "You take that great

ugly brute away this instant. Get him out of my fuchsia!"

"Here, Hubert!" called Grandfather. "Come out of the fuchsias, Hubert came out of the fuchsias, snuffed politely at Aunt Estelle's skirts and went over and sat in front of Grandmother and looked at her."

"He's such a nice dog, and he's taken a fancy to you, Grandmother," Trudy said coaxingly.

"Well!" said Grandmother faintly. "Where did this animal come from? What are you calling him? Hubert?"

"Hubert," said Grandfather, "is a name that occurred to me when I first saw him. It's a sort of facial resemblance. The dog is lost, and we have to give him a name."

He looked down at Trudy and said, "I named him after a fellow who once had the temerity to aspire to your grandmother's hand. He was a great, ugly brute."

"Hubert Ashbury," said Grandmother, "was a fine young man."

"I beat him to a quivering pulp," said Grandfather.

Just then Peter Hadley strolled round the corner of the house. He looked at Aunt Estelle, and his dark eyes were quick and bright. Peter was tall and strong-looking, with

have to wash, and that dress needs changing. You too," she said, and looked firmly at Grandfather.

They went into the house, and Grandfather pulled his beard and looked at Grandmother.

"I can't think," said Grandmother, on the stairs, "what it's going to take to make up her mind."

"Time," said Grandfather calmly. "Any nineteen-year-old girl has got to do a little flirting first. Remember Hubert Ashbury? Hah!"

He picked Trudy up and cantered sedately up the rest of the stairs.

She went to the bathroom in her petticoat to wash her face and hands while Grandmother hunted for her clean white dress. Returning to her room, nonetheless in her stocking feet, she heard Grandmother talking to Grandfather.

"Well, get George to take that dog away," she was saying, "after she's in bed. He can take it in the motor-car and let it loose down by the river. That's probably where it came from, anyway. She'll have forgotten all about it in the morning."

Trudy stood frozen in the doorway, and Grandmother turned and saw her. Grandfather was tugging at his beard. Trudy turned and started for the bathroom again, unsteadily, and Grandmother said, "The child's going to be sick. That pudding—"

She was very sick. Grandfather held her head, and Grandmother stirred something into a glass of water and made her drink it, and said, "You mustn't eat anything solid until morning. You can go to bed straight away, and have a good sleep, and in the morning you'll be well."

Panic took her, and a terrible loneliness. She seized Grandfather's hand and clung to it. "I don't want to go to bed. I'm hungry. I want to see Hubert. He's waiting for me." Tears rained down her cheeks, and Grandfather wiped them with a big handkerchief.

He said, "You know how children are, Elizabeth. They bounce up again. Her dinner'll probably do her good. Here, child, put on your clean dress."

Grandmother eyed him and seemed about to speak, but the loud roar of the motor-car on the

drive outside took her attention. "Well," she said, "he's here. Hurry, Alfred."

Mr. Pritchard was as tall as Peter and very handsome in a fair, powerful looking way. Trudy hurried to Hubert and one hot hand grasped a handful of hair at the back of his neck and hung on. Mr. Pritchard was being introduced to everybody and Trudy's turn came last.

"Our granddaughter, Gertrude Estey," Grandmother said. "Her parents are abroad and she is staying with us this summer."

Trudy made her curtsy jerkily, still hanging on to Hubert, but Mr. Pritchard's eyes, and his smile, and his bow, had already gone back again to Aunt Estelle, who stood still and straight with the pole frounces of her dress billowing from her slender waist and her head poised like a flower on a stem.

She smiled slowly at Mr. Pritchard, and her long lashes swept her cheeks to hide her eyes.

A sharp sound made them all turn. It was Peter, stooping to knock out his pipe on the edge of the steps. He looked once at Aunt Estelle, and it was a long, quiet look.

"Well, I'll be getting along. No, thanks—no sherry just now. Good-night, Pritchard. Good-night, all."

Ellen, the second maid, appeared in the doorway, and Grandmother said: "Dinner is ready. Come, Mr. Pritchard. Come, Estelle—Trudy, good heavens, don't bring that dog in the house." She pressed her lips together and glanced meaningly at Grandfather.

Trudy swept into the house, looked back at Hubert. He was standing there, watching them go, a large, ungainly figure with a terribly lonely look.

Trudy wasn't hungry after all. She squirmed and dabbled with her food. Now and again Grandmother looked at her carefully, and Grandfather did, too, but his was the special look, and it was like a hand reaching out to take her own.

Mr. Pritchard talked a lot, but it seemed as if he talked only to Aunt Estelle; his head kept turning to her, where she sat at his left hand.

Presently Grandmother stood up and said to the table: "Please excuse us. Don't hurry with your dessert—we'll have coffee on the terrace." Her hand, leading Trudy away, was not ungente, but it was firm.

Please turn to page 28

Does Rheumatism run in families

Rheumatism costs Australians more than five million pounds a year in expenses and lost incomes. It is puzzling that Rheumatism is so often troublesome to otherwise healthy people.

The theory that Rheumatism runs in families is still being investigated but it does appear that some people, otherwise healthy, are more susceptible to Rheumatism than others.

Rheumatism and its kindred ailments—Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago, stiffness in muscles and joints, Kidney and Bladder weaknesses, Dizziness, Headaches and simple High Blood Pressure—are thought to be caused by either of two factors—

1. An injury.
2. Accumulation of bacterial poisons and uric acid in the system.

Three generations praise MENTHOIDS

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a tried and proven family treatment that has brought relief from the painful, crippling poisons of bacteria and uric acid to generations of Australians. If you suffer in this way, get a flask of Menthoids to-day and give yourself a course of this famous treatment.

How the MENTHOIDS treatment acts

Menthoids are not simply a pain reliever. Menthoids treat the cause of your aches and pains. Nearly all medicines are so changed in the digestive system that their medicinal properties are destroyed. But the wonderful ability of Menthoids to remain unaffected in the digestive system enables Menthoids to continue their medicinal and internal cleansing action through your kidneys and blood stream. Get a bottle of Menthoids to-day and let the Menthoids treatment rid you of that unhappy, depressed feeling—those aches and pains that are sapping your strength—and give you a new lease of life and youthful energy.

If you are suffering, these letters will interest you—

"About twelve years ago I collapsed and was taken to hospital where I was informed that I was suffering from High Blood Pressure which affected the heart. I found it very difficult to walk and absolutely impossible to carry any parcels, etc."

"I met a man who, when hearing of my case, suggested that I try Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids and I went and bought a bottle straight away."

"This was twelve years ago, as mentioned before, and a year ago I went and got a check-up by the doctors and they told me that there was a wonderful improvement in my condition. In fact they found it hard to believe that I could be so well and hearty after my experience and seeing that I am 73 years of age."

Yours sincerely,
(Sgd.) Chas. F.

"I am writing this letter on behalf of my Mother (aged 77) who for months has been suffering from severe aches and pains in her hips and back and at times found it difficult to stand up after sitting on a chair for a short time. She also found it agony to crawl around the house without having to lay down at ten-minute intervals, but, since taking your wonderful Menthoids, she has been able to walk quickly, eat and sleep well and feels and looks a different woman. She cannot express her praise too highly for Menthoids and wishes you to use this letter as you think fit."

I am,
Yours gratefully,
(Sgd.) Mrs. M.M.

"I have been taking your Menthoids for some time—it was my last desperate effort to get something to relieve my Kidney Trouble from which I have suffered for many years..."

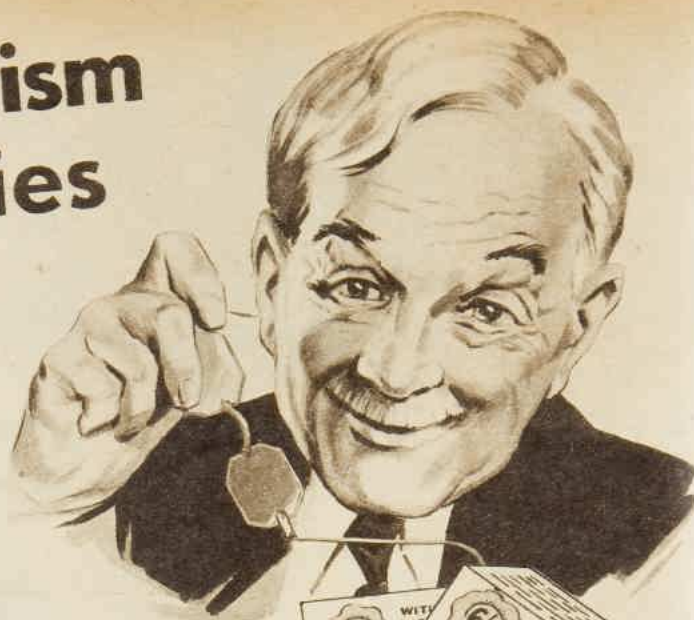
"After three months on Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids I had a test made and I am glad to say I am now free from such trouble—due to your wonderful Menthoids alone... I have been a team conductor for 20 years and out in all weathers and I have never felt better."

Yours truly,
(Sgd.) A.C.

Start a course of Menthoids to-day

If you suffer from simple High Blood Pressure, constant Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney or Bladder Weaknesses, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago or similar ailments, get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 6/6 with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 3/6, from your nearest chemist or store. If far from town, pin a postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address, and send to:

British Medical Laboratories, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney
and your Menthoids will reach you by return mail. Keep a note of the number of your postal note until you hear from us.



Do you know

That an impure blood stream may deposit crippling uric acid and bacterial poisons in every part of your body, muscles, joints and nerves?

That these poisons often cause simple High Blood Pressure, Kidney Troubles and all kinds of Rheumatic Aches and Pains?

That Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help to clear the poisons that cause these painful, distressing ailments from your system?

That Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids contain no harmful drugs and are safe for the most delicate patient and the continued use of this great blood medicine can only do you good?

That Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a natural prescription, a great blood medicine containing Thionine, that has helped sufferers from all parts of the Empire for over a quarter of a century?

IN a moment, Forrester turned and took one long swim towards the wreck of the river steamer lying out in the stream, and then on a long easy backstroke came into shore and out at last to lie beside her on the small shore of monsoon-silted sand.

"Was it good?" she said.
"Wonderful."
"You looked so happy."

He lay and let the sun burn the moisture from his body.

Across on the other bank, the bicycle bell rang shrilly, and he said, "There goes Mr. Prang."

"His name is Mr. Phang."

"I call him Phang. It's better."

"It doesn't mean anything."

"Oh, yes," he said, "it means something. It's an important word with us. It's a kind of comic word."

"How is it comic?"

"It means to crush," he said. "An aeroplane—blow up, an accident. That's prang."

She did not speak, and Forrester, looking up, saw that she was staring at him, dark-eyed and troubled.

He moved and lay with his face pressed into the double necklet of flowers, breathing the scent of jasmine and marigold. He heard her say, "We will swim to-morrow," and knew that now she had begun to understand, too sharply and too finely, with both love and terror, the language he spoke and the kind of life it gave.

Forrester woke in the morning to the ring of the field telephone that stood on the table by his bed. Before he could lift the mosquito net, Blore, who was standing shaving himself on the other side of the table, picked up the receiver, and listened.

"For you," Blore said.

Forrester took the receiver and half lay with it under the mosquito net, looking at the watch on his wrist at the same time. It was not quite seven o'clock, and he wondered for a moment why anyone should call him so early, and then heard the voice, rather too cheerful and precise, of Aldridge, his commanding officer.

Aldridge talked with an affection of immense boredom that was highly deceptive. It had about it an accent of finer flippancy.

"Want to see you, old boy. Awful bind. Minor flap from Group. Munch on an egg or something and then come over."

"Right, sir," Forrester said. "No trouble at all. Good-bye."

"Oh, I say," Aldridge said. "Has Blore surfaced? Want to have the odd word with him if I may."

"Certainly," Forrester said.

He stretched up and pushed the telephone receiver under the loose mosquito net to Blore, who stood with one half of his face still covered with lather.

In the receiver the high, drawing voice of Aldridge seemed to make curiously comic splutters of alarm, and on Blore's face there grew an odd look of surprised tension, heightened by the white lather, which clung there like half a beard.

"Yes, sir. Yes, sir," Blore said several times, then put the receiver down.

Swinging out of bed, Forrester said cheerfully, "What's up with the old man?"

Blore said rather vacantly, "Something about my posting. It's on again." Then he began to move about like a man in a daze.

For two months Forrester had watched him dress like that, slow and finicky and stupid, angered each morning by the big helpless man moving about so clumsily.

But now he was not angry. He

The Purple Plain

Continued from page 10

felt suddenly rather sorry for Blore. He wanted to say something to him in a friendly and decent sort of way, but it did not come. The preoccupation on his face was so deep that at last Forrester gave up the thought and went out to breakfast without another word.

Half an hour later, when he came back from the mess tent to get his jeep, Blore had gone. Halfway along he caught up with him, walking in the sun.

Forrester stopped the jeep and said, "Hop in if you're going to H.Q.," but Blore shook his head.

"I am going to H.Q.," he said, "but it's not far. I can walk. I'd rather walk."

"See you there," Forrester said. He tried to put into his voice some of the kindness that had been too difficult to display in the tent, but it did not seem very successful.

He drove on, and five minutes later was standing in Aldridge's large cool tent at headquarters by the end of the road.

Aldridge was already at work at his table; a tall man, rather lean and sallow, with black hair and a large, sprouting, flippant black

ALFRED



"Alfred asked them some very searching questions before he deposited that thirty shillings."

moustache which he kept caressing with the back of his left hand.

Forrester saluted and said good morning.

"I say," Aldridge said. "Very quick." He looked up from the mass of papers on his desk and began to smooth the moustache with an immense sweep of his hand. "Take a perch."

Forrester sat down. A little breeze came in at the open tent flaps and fluttered very slightly the huge purple map on the wall.

"Afternoon ride for you," Aldridge said.

"Good."

"Seems an Intelligence type down at somewhere or other got his head cut off by a propeller. Loud cries for new body. Seems there are no new bodies in the whole of the country. Except here."

"So here I am," Forrester said.

"Here you are. And here," Aldridge said, "is where you're going."

Aldridge turned his head and began to point at the map, trying unsuccessfully to find the place. After a moment or two, he gave it up.

"Can't find the thing. Anyway, no matter. Parker has the stuff and will tell you all. Nothing for you to do but collect the body and take it down."

"And who are you sending?" Forrester said.

"Forgot," Aldridge said. "Blore." "Blore?" Forrester ejaculated the name.

"Really? Don't like him?"

"Live with him," Forrester said. "Makes just that difference. Good bloke, all the same."

Forrester did not speak.

Aldridge said, "Cambridge degree. Physics or something. Didn't know?"

"No."

"Only goes to show," Aldridge said. "Live with a bloke months and don't get the first thing about him."

Aldridge got up. Behind the lackadaisical twiddling of the moustache, the dark eyes were extraordinarily shrewd. "Nothing wrong with old Blore. Just like the rest of us. Sometimes needs a change of air."

Forrester said good morning and saluted.

Aldridge, grinning, gave a sort of half salute in reply, waving his hand and then bringing it down on his moustache.

Forrester walked across the dusty stretch of broken jungle to where, fifty yards away, the large Intelligence tent stood under a group of palms. Inside, Blore and the duty officer, Parker, were bending over a map.

"Well," he said, "my passenger."

"Yes, sir," Blore said.

"Where is this place?"

"Here," Parker said. He pointed with a pencil down to the map. "Just north of the bend in the river. Where my pencil is now."

"Not far."

"How long will it take?"

Blore said.

"Can't tell," Forrester said. "Could see where Blore had left little patches of shaving soap under his ears."

"Carrington will work it out. Going over to the crew tent to find him now."

He walked to the open tent flap and then turned. "How long before you're ready?"

"I've got all my stuff to pack," Blore said.

"No hurry."

"I'd like to get it properly packed."

Forrester looked at his watch; it was not quite nine o'clock.

"Give you till twelve," he said.

"How's that?"

Blore, not speaking, nodded his head in reply.

Outside, Forrester got into the jeep and drove across the town to the airstrip, where, in the crew tent, he would find Carrington.

When Forrester came into the tent, he found Carrington reading a two-months-old English newspaper.

"Hullo," he said. He added something about reading the comics, and Carrington got up, saying, "Good morning," formal and friendly, and then, "Funny. I read this newspaper in England. Just caught up with me."

Forrester was surprised. It seemed to him that he had not heard before, or had perhaps already forgotten, about Carrington being fresh out from England. For some reason it shocked him a little.

"There's a job for us," he said. He began to tell the details as he knew them.

The navigator folded the newspaper and put it in his pocket. His eyes had become excited. Forrester said, "I'll take you over to Intelligence and you can work out your stuff."

He drove rather fast along the road back to headquarters. Driving straight into the sun, he was blinded by it into a desire not to talk again.

Please turn to page 22

Smart as Paris itself ... that
New Look... the



Knitted stay new-looking
far longer with
gentle Lux care

The fair lilies of France bloom softly on this dream of a jumper. Rounded shoulders... provocative neckline... back o' the hand wedding gown cuffs. Don't risk ruining YOUR woollies by careless washing with strong soaps or harsh methods like bar-soap rubbing. Lux keeps jumpers and cardigans fresh and shapely year after year.

Send for these
FREE KNITTING INSTRUCTIONS

Free instructions for "Flour de Lis" will gladly be sent in 32-36 bust sizes. Simply cut out this panel and pin to a stamped addressed envelope. Post to Knitting Office, Lever Brothers Pty Ltd., Box 4100, G.P.O., Sydney N.W.



U.267.819

WHETHER YOU ARE
THE FAIR OR DARK TYPE..
Now 2 wonderful new "MAKE-UP"
Shampoos for your type

NO MORE
"SORT OF"
FAIRISH or
DARKISH HAIR

- Make the
Natural colour of your hair
4 to 6 SHADES RICHER

Many of you have pretty faces but have only "sort of" colour hair, just fairish or mousey, brownish or darkish. This "sort of" colour hair takes away from your looks and charm and sex appeal.

Now Sta-blond and Brunitex new "Make-up" Shampoos are wonderful for these unattractive in-between tones. They give real definite colour to the most drab, faded-looking fair or dark hair—it becomes a lustrous mass of rich colour and beauty.

STÅ-BLOND LIGHTENS
fairish and mousey hair
4 to 6 SHADES
—without ugly bleaching

BRUNITEX DEEPENS
brownish and darkish hair
4 to 6 SHADES
—without ugly dyeing

MAKE YOUR HAIR GLISTEN LIKE MOONBEAMS ON A LAKE. Sta-blond and Brunitex contain the amazing new discoveries, Lanol, Colophol and Colocel. These stop "dry scalp"—leave the hair easy to manage and free from dandruff. Try Sta-blond or Brunitex to-day. See what your friends say to-morrow. S.B.R.

STÅ-BLOND AND BRUNITEX
Fossett & Johnson Ltd.
P.O. Box 3019 S.S., Sydney. MAKE YOU PRETTIER

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



4

minds with but One thought



"Youthlyne" by Berlei

All the Stores now have good stocks of these Elastic Foundations for the Young and Not-so-Young.

Oh! Marvellous thought... the ever-so-lovely "Youthlyne" Foundation by Berlei is back in the stores again... and this time there are enough to meet even the heaviest demand. Age makes no difference at all... there's a "Youthlyne" for mother as well as daughter. You have never worn a foundation as sleek and comfortable as "Youthlyne." The clever

cut of smooth, caressing satin with cunningly designed elasticised sections moulds your figure gently but ever so firmly. "Youthlyne" is so feather-light, so very much like your own skin... you hardly know you're wearing it. Truly, "Youthlyne" by Berlei is for the Young in Heart... and Figure.

"YOUTHLYNE" 7089 (as illustrated). The clever cut of the "Power Net" reinforcement gives this foundation "Extra Control"... smoothing, beautifying, and giving firm support where it is most needed. If you have a medium Average figure this is the "Youthlyne" for you.

"YOUTHLYNE" 6089. For the lass with the slim, Average figure there's this "Youthlyne" Foundation. The two-way stretch weave of the exclusive elasticised sections enables the garment to flex in full harmony with body movement.

"YOUTHLYNE" 2089. This "Youthlyne" foundation has been designed and cut to bring supreme comfort, flexible control, and firm support to the "Sway-Back" figure. Personal fitting by Berlei-trained corsetieres assures perfect fit.

"YOUTHLYNE" 3089. There's a "Youthlyne" to fit and mould you, even if your hips are heavier than you like. Light as a passing thought... cleverly designed in lovely satins and elasticised materials... "Youthlyne" is indeed your Foundation of Beauty.

YOUR FAVOURITE STORE WILL PERSONALLY FIT YOUR "YOUTHLYNE" NOW!

B.38.F.P.



ESTHER WILLIAMS gets a fresh-water foot-bath from prop man Jerry Miggins, while she waits for a call on the MGM location for the technicolor romance "On an Island with You."

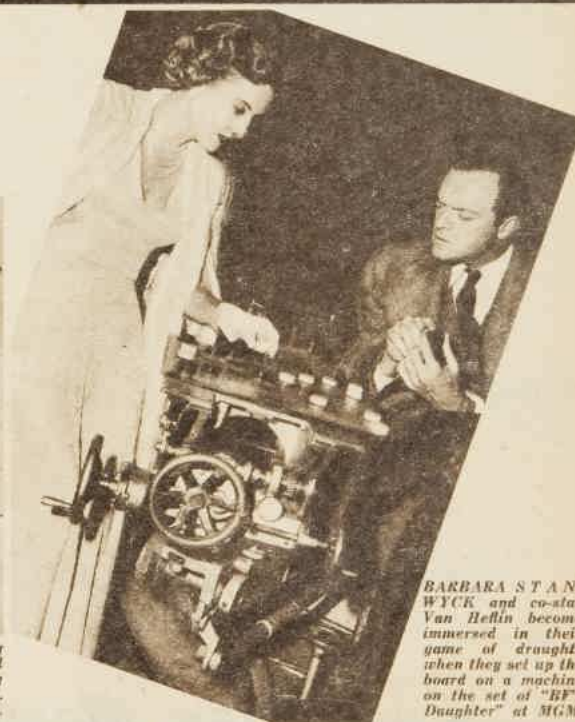


BETTE DAVIS and her new leading man, Jim Davis (no relation), spend a break between scenes at Warners discussing the dialogue for their film "Winter Meeting." Daily conferences on the script were attended by the cast and technicians, all of whom were invited to offer suggestions.

BETWEEN FILM SCENES



GEORGE BRENT waits expectantly for Lauritz Melchior to play a card during their game of gin rummy in their dressing-room at MGM. Both are in "Luxury Liner" cast.



BARBARA STANWYCK and co-star Van Heflin become immersed in their game of draughts when they set up the board on a machine on the set of "BF's Daughter" at MGM.



INGRID BERGMAN, clad in armor for the title role in Sierra Productions' "Joan," snaps one of the historical sets used in the film. Based on the life story of Joan of Arc, the film will be released by RKO. The Australian Women's Weekly—April 24, 1948



JOHN MILLS, one of England's leading stars, and Kay Walsh play chess on a miniature board to pass their spare time at Denham, where they are co-starring in "The October Man," a Two Cities film directed by Roy Baker. Kay seems to have set a knotty problem for John to solve and is enjoying his discomfiture.



Australia's Most Beautiful Blankets

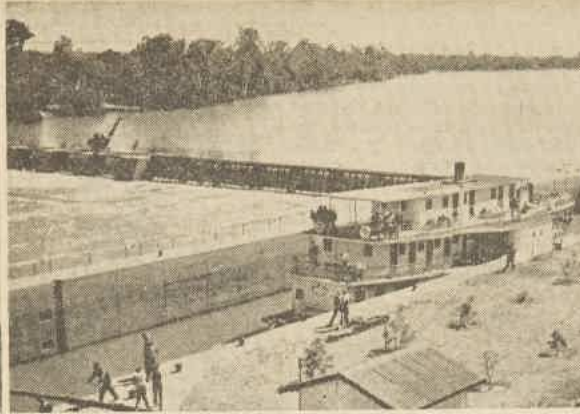
With their modern colourings these Laconia Blankets are particularly beautiful . . . but the makers have gone further and matched outstanding beauty with the traditional quality that has made *Laconia* the world's finest blankets . . . Quality that you can feel in their deep napped softness that guarantees cosy warmth . . . that guarantees you years of extra wear.



Laconia Blankets MAKE GOODNIGHT A CERTAINTY



"RIVER RATS" and proud of it. Capt. William Grimwood ("Pop") Collins and his wife have lived on the Murray for most of their lives.



PASSING THROUGH one of the locks on the great river highway, a tourist paddle-steamer on a cruise.

Her home is a Murray paddle-steamer

Mrs. Collins brought up family of five on river

By JAMES W. MORRIS

In an era of inadequate housing, many housewives can envy Mrs. Amy Collins, who lives on a paddle-steamer travelling at eight miles an hour backwards and forwards on the Murray River.

Mrs. Collins, now 76, has lived on the river for most of her life, has reared her family of five in paddle-boats, and during the years has acted as engineer, fired the boilers, navigated the vessels through treacherous channels of the river.

WHEN I was travelling on the Murray recently I suggested to Captain Tracey, of the showboat Avoca, that he might give me an interview on the history of the river.

But he was much too diffident about it.

"I've been on the river for only forty years," he said. "I wouldn't be capable of giving you a story. 'Pop' Collins and his wife are the people you should see. Captain Collins has been on the river for nearly eighty years."

I was waiting on the wharf at Mildura when the Collins' paddle-steamer, Pyap, pulled in from Morgan.

I went aboard expecting to see a gentle, frail old couple sitting on deck in the sunshine.

But I found Mrs. Amy Collins, aged 76, in a pretty floral frock, about to go ashore with her bicycle and ride to the shopping centre.

Her 53-year-old husband, Capt. William Grimwood Collins, was below deck in overalls rigging up a block and tackle to lower the paddle-wheel shaft to increase the engine's speed.

Only woman pilot

THE five Collins children have all chosen the river as their career. "I've often had to chain them to the deck when they were little to keep them safe," said Mrs. Collins.

"Our two daughters, Pearl Royal and Amy Alpha, were named after two of our paddle-steamer, Royal and Alpha, built by Captain Francis in the early 'nineties," she added.

Pearl, now Mrs. Wallace, has the distinction of being the only woman ever to be issued with a Murray River pilot's ticket.

She can navigate her paddle-steamer, the Camally, with all the adeptness of a seasoned skipper. Her husband is engineer of the Camally.

The three Collins sons—Maurice, William, and Norman—who are now in their forties, are all certified Murray River captains.

All the children have "married into the river."

In the early days most of the Murray River skippers came from overseas—from England, Scotland, America, and Germany.

Capt. Collins, of English stock, was one of the few Australians.

Born in Euston (N.S.W.), "Pop" first went on the river when he was seven. Mrs. Collins was born at Wentworth, on the Darling, and met her husband when they were both quite young.

Their courtship was governed by the river timetable. Often they were parted for many weeks, while he steamed up the Murray and Darling Rivers and back to Wentworth.

I asked Mrs. Collins if she had given up the river life temporarily for the birth of her children.

"Yes, it meant a month ashore for me," she said.

"I'd go ashore two weeks before the baby was born to whatever hospital was nearest, and was back on board when the baby was two weeks old."

"The children were educated by travelling tutors and at land schools. All of them were given a sound musical training in the same way."

"Work on the river is unending," Mrs. Collins said. "Besides the housework and cooking, sewing, and mending, there is work on deck and in the engine-room, and you have to be ready at any time to help on deck or man the pumps."

"But ship life makes you realise that your community is built round you, and it's a busy, happy life, with no time to be bored or irritated about the small things."

"And the peace of the river has a constant fascination which seems to enter your blood."

"That is why we are called 'River Rats,' a name we are very proud to own."

Captain Collins first started running goods from Wilcannia to

P.S. PYAP, on which Captain and Mrs. Collins live.

Bourke in 1883, and with his wife's help built up a fleet of paddle-steamer. The most famous of their steamers were the Fairy and the Alpha. At one stage he owned 17 paddle-steamer.

Mrs. Collins recalled some of her most memorable trips on the river.

"One day my husband, navigating his vessel E.R.O., had left me in charge of the Alpha."

"I was engineer, Maurice, then thirteen, was at the wheel, and Pearl was deckhand of the Alpha as we approached Higgins' Cutting, a treacherous patch full of snags."

"It was the usual custom to allow the vessels to drift through this cutting with the flow of the river. But this day the 'set' of the current was so strong that the Alpha began to be swept on to the bank."

"Maurice rang for full speed ahead, and I gave the engines all the steam available."

"The Alpha went through safely at full ahead—the only time on record when a steamer had steamed through that channel."

"The worst trip I ever experienced was crossing Lake Alexandrina in the Jolly Miller. Captain Collins was in charge and the Alpha was tied alongside."

"A severe storm came up, causing mountainous waves. They buffeted the two vessels so much that my husband decided to sacrifice the Alpha by cutting it adrift."

"The children and I were sleeping on the Alpha and were wakened by the commotion."

"Extra ropes had to be passed across and we were transferred to

the Jolly Miller in the darkness.

"After we were safely aboard, we found the wind had forced the nose of the Alpha into the paddle-guards of the Jolly Miller. The two paddle-boats were blown eleven miles across Lake Alexandrina completely out of control."

"Then there was the time the Alpha was arrested," Captain Collins reminded her with a chuckle.

"We were steaming down the Darling River when the engineer decided that he would go on a 'bender,' he explained. "At Wentworth he got well and truly on the drink."

"He refused to sail, so, after I had warned him that the Alpha would go without him, he deserted the ship."

"Mrs. Collins took over the engine-room and the children acted as deckhands, but the engineer reported to the police the fact that the vessel had sailed without a certified engineer."

"The police arrested the Alpha at Cal Cal, 100 miles away."

"The Adelaide Harbours Board conducted an inquiry and Mrs. Collins was exonerated. She was also congratulated upon the manner in which she had controlled the engines."

Mrs. Collins is justifiably proud of her feats in taking charge of engine-rooms and looking after the boilers. All Murray steamers are wood fired—with logs three feet long and up to nine inches thick—so the job is a heavy one.

At one time Mrs. Collins sat for an engineer's ticket, but, being a woman, she was not eligible to pass the examination.

Living conditions on board the steamers are comfortable.

Kitchen and laundry are built fore and aft of the paddle-guards,



CREW of the paddle-steamer Camally, including Mrs. Pearl Wallace, only woman ever to hold a Murray River pilot's licence.

and food cupboards and ice-chests are built in convenient places.

Water for domestic purposes is drawn direct from the river.

The living-room aft of the main deck of the Pyap is very neat. A piano and some nice paintings are part of the furnishings.

Bedrooms are on the upper deck, small but comfortable. Rivermen say "the smaller the bedroom the fewer mosquitoes to bother you."

The bathroom intrigued me. It is very small, with a small bath in which one could just about kneel.

The Collins' are a very happy couple. They hold a family gathering every Sunday, when "Pop" gets his concertina out and goes to town on the jazz tunes.

River legends

FROM the Collins family I learned many facts and legends of the river.

The "river rats" say that no matter what timber is used to build a river paddle-boat it is useless unless the bottom is built of redgum.

This is because, when the river is low, the paddle-steamer practically get out and walk across the sand-bars.

Old hands like to tell you that when the Alpha (the "Murray Marvel") was faced with sand-bars, all that had to be done was for a seaman to walk ahead with a bucket of water, throw it over the sand-bar, and the Alpha would float across.

The Pyap, which is named after the C. J. de Garis property near Mildura, was built on the river. It is a "side-wheeler," which means that its paddles are at the sides, half-way between bow and stern.

In the heyday of the river highway there were two other types—"stern-wheelers" and the Mississippi type, only one of which, the Captain Sturt, ever worked on the Murray.

Paddles on the stern-wheelers were double and at the stern.

The Captain Sturt had one huge paddle-wheel at the stern. It was built in America in 1911 at a cost of £14,000, and was a dashing craft on the river for many years until it was sold for £120. It is now high and dry, and used as a houseboat for week-enders at Goolwa.

The greatest era of the paddle-steamer was in the 1880's, when there were 193 of them, a total tonnage of 30,000.

They carried—and still do, when they can get them—cargoes of wool, wood, dried fruit, and livestock, down the Darling and the Murray.

But rail, road, and air transport have nearly killed the river trade, and there are now only about a dozen paddle-steamer on the great river highway.



FULL STEAM down river, the Pyap carries a cargo, with a loaded barge in tow.

ANZAC DAY

ON Anzac Day, it is customary to think of the quiet dead who lie in their thousands under the small white crosses in service cemeteries all over the world.

Men of all creeds and classes, they died in the two wars, believing that their suffering would save generations to come from the horrors of conflict.

It is a pity the dead lie so quiet.

It is a pity they cannot come back to haunt the world which has betrayed them and wasted their young sacrifice.

It is a pity they cannot rise in their legions and march again, this time not to make war but to make peace.

The living are making such a bad job of it.

Next Sunday Australia observes the thirty-third anniversary of that dawn after which 8587 Australians were killed and 19,367 wounded on the Gallipoli beaches.

The ceremonies of sorrow and pride will be conducted this year against a background of defence preparations as extensive as any Australia has seen in its history.

Across the inland waste, men are building ranges to test new weapons. The vast sum of £250,000,000, enough money to solve most of Australia's health problems, is being allocated to scientific research for destruction.

And this is only Australia's small part in a world-wide activity!

It is a pity the dead lie so quiet.

WORTH Reporting

A PLAN to introduce "Color Dynamics" to increase efficiency and relieve eye-strain in Government departments has been submitted to Victoria's Premier, Mr. Tom Hollway, by a firm of industrial designers.

Mr. Hollway has asked all departments to look into the possibilities of the project.

Little used in Australia to date, "Color Dynamics" are playing an increasingly large part in industry in U.S.A.

Experiments show that by the use of the right color it is possible to recover light otherwise wasted and to increase actual lighting 100 per cent. without changing equipment or increasing wattage.

Plants in U.S.A. report immediate gains of 15 per cent. in production, 40 per cent. in accuracy, and 60 per cent. decrease in absenteeism. Accident rates drop, and workers take more pride in caring for equipment.

One Detroit firm in 60 days saved, through recovery of small parts formerly dropped and swept away, enough to pay for the painting.

According to "Popular Science" magazine, girls in an air-conditioned factory complained of cold (though the temperature was kept at a steady 72 degrees), when walls were grey-blue.

When the walls were painted coral complaints ceased.

In another plant, workers lifting black metal boxes filled with rough cut briar pipes complained of strained backs. One week-end a foreman had all the boxes painted pale green.

Several men remarked, "Those lightweight boxes make a difference."

Less attractive are the possibilities suggested by another instance: A chain of New York restaurants, painted grey and green, found that customers lingered. They adopted a red-and-yellow decor; patrons ate faster and turnover increased.

Red speeds up decisions, but green promotes a sense of well being.

Blackfriars Bridge, London, was notorious for suicides, but when its black ironwork was repainted green suicides declined by more than a third.

Arts festival

THE herring and lobster fishermen of Aldeburgh, in Suffolk, numbering over 2500, are in for a week of artistic festivities.

Composer Benjamin Britten lives in Aldeburgh, and this old-world seaside town is the "Borough" of his opera "Peter Grimes."

Mr. Britten is prime mover in organising a Festival of Music and Arts to be held there in June.

Mr. Britten's opera "Albert Herring" will be presented in the Jubilee Hall, and the first performance of a cantata he has composed will be heard in the parish church.

Poetry readings will be given in the Baptist Chapel by veteran actress Dame Edith Evans, Celia Johnson, Robert Speight, and others.

An exhibition of paintings will be shown in the Moot House.

The week will end with a Grand Festival Dance.

Mr. Britten has interested a number of wealthy people in his scheme, which is an experiment that may be followed in other seaside towns that are not so much tourist resorts as fisher communities.

President of the newly founded committee is young Lord Harewood, Princess Mary's elder son.



"Dear grandchildren, this is a record of your grandpa's voice when he was a kid like you."

THE Rev. A. L. Egan Hopkins (Vicar of Kew, England) finds the coughing and sneezing of the congregation very upsetting to the spiritual uplift of worship. In order to avoid such interruptions during prayers and the sermon, he has introduced into his services intervals for coughing.

Bride's orchids

WHEN Mr. John Bailey, curator of the Brisbane Botanic Gardens (Vicar of Kew, England) finds the coughing and sneezing of the congregation very upsetting to the spiritual uplift of worship. In order to avoid such interruptions during prayers and the sermon, he has introduced into his services intervals for coughing.

The blooms were given by members of the Queensland Orchid Society, of which Mr. Bailey is a committeeman, and came from as far north as Cairns and as far south as Coolangatta.

Mr. Bailey is himself an orchid fancier and has a big collection. He follows a family tradition in horticulture.

His great-grandfather, John Bailey, came to Australia in 1839 as Colonial Botanist, and later established a nursery in Adelaide.

Grandfather, Mr. F. M. Bailey, was Government Botanist in Queensland for many years. He died in 1915 at the age of 88.

Father, John Bailey, was both Queensland Government Botanist and Director of the Brisbane Botanic Gardens until 1917, when he was appointed Director of Gardens in Adelaide, a post he held until his retirement in 1932.

The present curator was appointed Curator of Parks and Gardens in Toowoomba, Queensland, in 1940, when 26 and six years later received his present appointment.

He and his bride live in the lovely old house which was built in the Botanic Gardens for his father, and which, during the war, was officers' mess of H.M.A.S. Moreton.

BATTLE of Britain pilots will always be welcome to free drinks at the Battle of Britain Inn which opened recently at Shears Green, Northfleet, Kent, England. The proprietor, Mr. Ted Phillips, a 1940 R.A.F. flier, will ask pilots who accept drinks at the house to autograph the piece of Messerschmitt tail which he has in the bar parlor.

Books in demand

LONDON libraries and booksellers report that books most in demand during the past few weeks have included "No Resting Place," by Ian Nall, a novel of the countryside that deals with a feud between travelling tinkers and villagers; "Death in Shallow Water," a thriller by Miles Burton; "The Black Laurel," a novel of postwar Berlin by Storm Jameson; and Edith Pargeter's "By Pirelight," a tale of witchcraft in the Midlands three and a half centuries ago.

Travelled cat

MRS. BETTY KEEP, who conducts our feature "Dress Sense," has had news of her Antarctic-trotting cat, Charles, who went south with the Australian National Antarctic Research Expedition.

Charles (whose name is misleading) had kittens on the voyage south in LST 3501.

Unfortunately, when the ship returned to Australia its commander, Lieut.-Commander G. M. Dixon, R.A.N., reported to Betty that "Charles went A.W.L. in Hobart on the return trip, and has not been sighted since."

Betty thinks that Charles, who has an adventurous nature, will probably make her home on the wharves, or even take ship to some other part of the globe. But she feels quite irked to think that subsequent owners, if any, will never know that their placid black-and-white cat once visited the Antarctic.

One-man film unit

BEFORE Alasdair Loch left to finish a short film on Lord Howe Island we had a talk with this one-man documentary unit.

Born at Kulkoorie, W.A., and educated at "Shore" (Sydney) Church of England Grammar School, North Sydney, Loch has crammed four years' writing-producing for the B.B.C., English film-making, five trips to Hollywood, South American search for Inca gold, and an African diamond expedition into his 35 years.

He considers that glimpses of kangaroos and cattle-mustering are less likely to attract English migrants than documentaries showing Australian city life and facilities.

"The English are city-minded," he explained. "The idea of the outback frightens them. They wonder where they would fit in."

"I am trying to show them that they can fit in."

His first Australian documentary, "City in the Sun," took him 14 months to make. It shows for 11 minutes. Sold to the Department of Information, it is now being shown in London film houses.

To get across his own point of view, Loch photographed it, edited it, chose the incidental music, did the sound effects and commentary.

"This wasn't because I imagined I was a genius," he explained, "but because I knew exactly what I wanted to present, and how I wanted to present it."

His second film, "7 Woolloomooloo," begins with the arrival of a group of wondering migrants at the wharf at Woolloomooloo, Sydney, goes on to show the symphony concerts, milk bars, speedway, and the dance halls of an Australian city, and the migrants' pleased surprise at finding these things lying behind the bleak facade of a strange port.

When he has put the finishing touches to the Lord Howe Island film, Loch plans to return to England to study the film-making situation over there. He has been back in Australia for two years.

Apron from wrapping

OUR Perth office had an excited visit from Mrs. M. Bignell, of Beaufort Street, Perth, one morning recently.

She had just received a parcel from her invalid brother in Southampton, England, containing a hand-embroidered apron. On the wrong side of the apron Mrs. Bignell found her own handwriting and realised that it was the calico wrapping of a parcel she had sent a few months before.

Her brother told her that the apron would have cost four clothing coupons in England, and that while lying in bed he had turned over calico wrappings into tea-towels (two coupons each).

Mrs. Bignell says that she always buys a square yard of calico for wrapping her parcels, and, if it is too long, cuts off a straight piece for small sugar-bags.

IT SEEMS To ME

by Dorothy Drain

UNDERWATER spear fishermen have formed an association in New South Wales, banding themselves together against a certain amount of hostility from orthodox anglers.

The phone cracked when I rang up a rod-and-line fisherman to ask what he thought of the spear-and-dagger boys. Short of epithets his comment was that the spear fishermen have no manners, dive in beside his line and frighten the fish away.

"Frighten them!" shouted our Mr. Director, a week-end spearman. "Fish are so curious they swim right up to look at you. You have to kick stings away from your feet."

My rod-and-line pal says spear fishermen merely kill fish, have no appreciation of the aesthetic pleasure of contemplation beside the sea.

But the spearman says if anyone lacks a soul it's the bloke on shore, deceitfully luring a fish on a hook. "Under the sea you enter a beautiful new world," he says. "Furthermore," he says, "rod-and-line types are only jealous because they don't catch so many fish."

This could go on for hours. Myself, as a modest fisherman, I stick to the Isaak Walton style. One's lack of skill is less obvious.

After all, as I often explain to critical little boys, the way I put my hook and sinker is a special granny-knot method that I invented myself.

OCCUPANTS of a corporate house at Tunstall, Shropshire (according to a cable), are cultivating mushrooms in a darkened bathroom.

This has been reported by the local food committee, which, I assume, regards the project with approval.

Times have changed in England. That old battle-cry of the privileged classes, "If you give 'em a bath, they put coals in it," has lost its punch, especially since Fuel Minister Gaiskell made his classic plea for less baths.

Anyone who has coals to put in the bath in England to-day is likely to be envied, not derided, and the same goes, no doubt, for those who make do with mushrooms.

A FAMOUS Parisian perfume house is training its salesgirls in psychology so that they can choose the right perfume to suit each customer's personality.

Let psychology teach
The perfume for each,
But if the girl buying
Turns out to be trying,
The salesgirl may think her
A perfect stinker.

NORMAN YARDLEY, English cricketer, is taking his wife from London to his home county, Yorkshire, so that if their baby, expected in July, is a boy, he may grow up to play cricket for Yorkshire.

Now cheer up, all you harbingers of gloom!

Cease your predictions of immediate doom.

What? Britain finished? And the world we know?

Never in history was the glass so low! I used to think like that. But now, well, hardly.

Not while we're optimistic like Norman Yardley.

Let's hope that fate will not be such a churl.

As to reward him with a baby girl. Or, even worse—'t would leave me depressed—

Suppose the boy should take to golf or chess?





Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, go with **COLONEL BARTON:** In search of flame-colored pearls. Also on board the yacht Argos is **BETTY:** His daughter. Mystery of the strange "ghost ship" which terrorises sailors is solved when Mandrake and Lothar board it and are taken prisoner by

CAPTAIN GAR: His eccentric commander. He tells them he bought the ship to shield his daughter Helga from the ugliness and destruction of the world, and uses deadly sleeping gas to frighten off other ships. His fortune enables him to sail the world and keep up the "ghost ship" legend.
NOW READ ON:



"WE STOP AT SMALL ISLANDS TO REPLENISH OUR SUPPLIES. THE NATIVES GIVE US WIDE BERTH. SINCE WE USE SLEEPING GAS TO KEEP OTHER SHIPS FROM THESE WATERS, WE ARE A MENACE TO NAVIGATION. IF THE TRUTH WAS KNOWN, BATTLESHIPS WOULD COME TO PUT AN END TO THE 'GHOST SHIP'."



"THIS IS HELGA'S HOME. SO IF STRANGERS DISCOVER THE TRUTH ABOUT US, THEY MUST REMAIN HERE. --- AS PRISONERS?" ASKS MANDRAKE. --- "PRISONERS, OR FRIENDS, AS YOU LIKE. BUT YOU CAN NEVER LEAVE THIS SHIP!"



MEANWHILE, THE ARGOS FOLLOWS AT A SAFE DISTANCE. BARTON AND BETTY PEER ANXIOUSLY FOR A SIGN OF MANDRAKE. THEY KNOW NOTHING ABOUT THE VESSEL AHEAD, -- STILL BELIEVING IT TO BE A "GHOST" SHIP.



THE ARGOS CREW, FEARING THE GHOST SHIP, DEMANDS THAT THE PURSUIT BE GIVEN UP. "THIS IS MY YACHT," SAYS BARTON FIRMLY. "AND MY FRIEND, MANDRAKE, IS ON THAT SHIP. UNTIL WE GET HIM HERE SAFELY, WE WILL NOT TURN BACK!"



ON THE "GHOST SHIP," MANDRAKE TALKS TO HELGA, CAPTAIN GAR'S LOVELY DAUGHTER. "IT IS REALLY BECAUSE OF YOU THAT YOUR FATHER RUNS THIS STRANGE VESSEL. ARE YOU HAPPY HERE?" HE ASKS HER.



"I'VE GROWN UP ON THESE DECKS," REPLIES HELGA. "OUTSIDE THE CREW AND DAD, YOU ARE THE ONLY PERSON I'VE EVER SEEN. I'M CURIOUS ABOUT THE OUTSIDE WORLD. I WOULD LIKE TO LEAVE THIS BOAT."



A HANDSOME YOUNG SAILOR JOINS THEM. "THIS IS JIM. WHEN HE CAME ON THIS SHIP, HE WAS THE CABIN BOY. WE'RE IN LOVE. WE WANT TO MARRY -- AND GO BACK HOME," SAYS HELGA. --- "MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU," MANDRAKE TELLS THEM.



BUT CAPTAIN GAR HAS OVERHEARD THEM. HIS FACE IS LIVID WITH RAGE. "GO TO YOUR CABIN," HE COMMANDS HIS DAUGHTER.

TO BE CONTINUED

TALKING OF FILMS

By
Marjorie Beckingsale

TWO pet hates of mine which come to light now and then are juveniles who persist in remaining juvenile interminably and mature men who persist in being great lovers.

For the moment I am concentrating on the first of my grouches. It isn't the physical change to maturity which embarrasses an actor's admirers, but the theory that once a youthful type always a masculine ingenue, often even when the star has achieved a wife and family.

James Stewart is a case in point, though he has no wife or child to emphasise his advancing years.

Once upon a time, Jimmy Stewart was an ingratiating, lolling young man who turned in some good performances showing him as the type whom most women would like because he was rather romantic in a helpless sort of way.

That idea paid handsome film dividends to Jimmy and his Hollywood employers, but a World War intervened, and Stewart did a darned good job for his country as a serviceman for several years.

Obviously, he had become a more mature personality, but what did we see?

A return to the old type of roles, first in "It's a Wonderful Life," and now in RKO's "Magic Town," which is showing at the Mayfair.

To Australian eyes "Magic Town" is an odd sort of story. Get-rich-quick schemes when applied to public opinion polls are not part of our design for living, but when a whole town wins national fame through its opinions on life, then becomes a national laughing-stock and has to pick up the pieces of its reputation, we are somewhat naturally inclined to be rather sceptical.

Stewart is the young man responsible for all this, and I think he is acceptable enough as the ambitious poll gatherer, but his whimsical romance with Jane Wyman and his repentance over his misdeeds bored me greatly.

It is so very, very ingenious and gives us such a dose of corn.

Jane Wyman is far more believable than Stewart.

IT'S hard to know who benefits by a film being given a misleading title, no matter how successful the product turns out to be.

How many people, for instance, would imagine that a film called "Ride the Pink Horse" would be anything more than a good old blood-and-thunder Western instead of an adult, tough thriller containing some fine acting?

I think that Robert Montgomery, director and star of the Universal International release, sets himself rather too much of a job in his dual capacity, though he is far too seasoned and conscientious an actor to give a poor performance.

Two or three years ago I saw a youngster called Wanda Hendrix in a very poor Charles Boyer film. She was so promising that I waited for her next role with keen anticipation.

She then had a juvenile part in a Bing Crosby film for Paramount which again stood out, and now, as the Mexican girl who hovers round Montgomery, she shows that her talent is far above average and her personality registers strikingly. The film is at the Empire.

Your Coupons

Tee: 15-24.
Sleeve: 16-18.
Mead: Red, 36-38 (40-42 become available May 31, blue 41 and 43 (45, 47 become available May 31.
Clothing: 1-56 (1947), 1-56 (1948).

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 160-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

SILVER WEDDING OF THE KING AND QUEEN



WEDDING GROUP. Westminster Abbey saw the marriage on April 26, 1933, of Prince Albert, Duke of York, and Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore (on left).



AUSTRALIAN TOUR of Duke and Duchess of York in 1927 left many happy memories of "Smiling Duchess." Their Royal Highnesses opened the new Parliament House at Canberra, and toured all the States.



CORONATION of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth on May 12, 1937, followed abdication of Edward VIII. Princess Elizabeth was 11 years old.



GOODWILL VISITS to France, Canada, and U.S.A. were made by Their Majesties in 1939. Crowds were enchanted with the Queen's lovely picture frocks.

NEXT Monday, on April 26, King George VI of England and Queen Elizabeth will celebrate their 25th wedding anniversary amid the good wishes of peoples all over the Empire.

Few monarchs have endeared themselves so greatly to their people as the present King and Queen, whose happy marriage and unpretentious family life have become an example to young couples everywhere.

Theirs was a love match, and one that has survived heavy and unexpected responsibilities. George VI was called on to take up sovereignty of Great Britain and her vast Empire without ever having been Her Apparent, and was destined to reign less than three years when the British Commonwealth became involved in war.

Throughout all these years he and the Queen have scarcely been separated a day, and can now look back on a quarter of a century of happiness and achievement.

On April 26 their loyal subjects everywhere will join in saying, with sincerity, "Long live the King and Queen."



END OF WAR found the Royal Family deeply enthroned in the hearts of their people for their magnificent courage and inspiration during blitz. Here they talk with wounded soldiers during the victory tour of Edinburgh, Scotland.



SOUTH AFRICAN TOUR in February, 1947, was another outstanding success in cementing goodwill between England and Dominions. Its value was emphasized by the Prime Minister, Field Marshal Smuts, seen here with Their Majesties.



SPECIAL SILVER WEDDING photograph of the King and Queen was taken in the blue drawing-room on the first floor at Buckingham Palace, furnished by the Queen. They enjoy quiet evenings at home, and share each other's many interests, particularly music. The Queen is here playing one of her favorite songs, "The Toast."



WEDDING of Heir to Throne, Princess Elizabeth, to the Duke of Edinburgh last year was an occasion of both joy and sadness to King and Queen. Onlookers reported tears in the Queen's eyes as she farewelled daughter after the ceremony.



AT HOME. Between official appearances the King and Queen lead a simple, homely life in their comfortable apartments at Buckingham Palace. The Queen is especially fond of patience in evenings, while the King keeps up with current news.

CARRINGTON.

shading his pale blue eyes, did not speak either, and Forrester felt uneasy. He knew that a state of simple and mutual trust had to be established and kept and fostered between them until the remotest edges of all distrust had been smoothed away, leaving them both bound by easy and instinctive faith in each other.

He saw suddenly that it would not be easy and then for some reason he remembered the girl. He recalled the fear growing and dying in her face in the lamplight after the bombing. It made him say, "Quite a small trip, this. But interesting. Sort of thing you need."

"Yes," Carrington said. Forrester took Carrington into the larger intelligence tent and introduced him to Parker, and then through the tent to where, at one end, there was a section that purported to be a separate navigation room. He noticed that Blore had gone.

"This is Dykes and Porter," he said to Carrington.

The two officers, both older than himself, got up from the tables at which they had been writing. He thought they seemed very stiff, as if, like Carrington, they felt it necessary to be on the defensive, ready for anything he had to say.

He began suddenly to wonder if he had that sort of reputation. The thought shocked him. It had not occurred to him that he might have become a notorious sort of legend. He suddenly wanted to get outside. "These blokes will fit you up. Be over at my tent with the flight plan at eleven-thirty," he said. "Fair enough?" Carrington said.

Forrester drove slowly back to the air strip, thinking hard. A succession of curious events began to slip into place in his mind: the three-

week spell of no flying, Harris' sudden interest in him, the casual catechism about his health, his ineptness, his glasses; and then the stiffness in the faces of the two navigation men, Dykes and Porter.

All of it began slowly to mean the same thing. Then he remembered something else. It was a joke of Harris': "Remind me to give you something new Over from Calcutta yesterday. A temperament killer." At the time, it had not occurred to him that it was any more than one of Harris' jocular remarks, a rather sick answer to his own bitterness.

He remembered how, that first afternoon of going out to the village, he had not really been able to see straight. He had not cared or understood very much about where they were going. Neither that nor anything else had really mattered.

Now the remark of Harris', a joke no longer, seemed to light up the whole affair. The trip to the village was not a casual affair. It was not a pleasant joke of Harris'. It was not irregular. It was something Harris' had planned to meet a crisis, an evident and perhaps deadly crisis in his affairs. In a way, it was the temperament killer.

Going to his aircraft, he saw that Brown and Clarke, his former ground crew, were no longer there. A strange fitter was working on the port engine of the plane.

As Forrester saw him and remembered Brown, something else fell into the pattern of his realization about himself, almost completing it. He remembered how queerly Brown had looked at him; he remembered the strange moment of almost being knocked down by the ambulance.

The Purple Plain

Continued from page 13

He saw again that queer look of Brown's, pitying and stoical, against the smoky sun. And he knew then that Brown was another one, with the doctor and Blore and Burke and heaven only knew how many others, who had seen in him the signs of fibre disintegration, the moral break-up, the end.

And again for some reason he was not angry, but only a little hurt that Brown, at the last moment, had not come to say good-bye.

He looked up at the mechanic working on the engine. "Morning," he said. "What's your name?"

"Martin, sir." The young man gave an unexpectedly stiff salute. At the same moment the rigger emerged from under the body of the plane and stood stiffly by the wing. Forrester saw in the attitudes of both of them the same thing. They, like the rest, were scared to death of him.

At the same moment he recalled the fitter's face. "You were with Mr. Anderson, weren't you?"

"That's right, sir." "Something wrong up there?"

"Not much, sir. Oil feed. It'll be all right."

"I want it all right. I need the kite for twelve." He spoke quietly and calmly, but the tenseness in the face of the boy did not go.

He turned to the rigger. "What's your name?"

The rigger at once saluted. "Cartwright, sir."

"London?"

"Yes, sir."

"Up the Cockneys."

Both the fitter and the rigger laughed, the tension easing for a moment or two.

"All right," he said. "Get it fixed. I mean fixed too."

"Yes, sir."

He felt the tension return as he walked away. Then the rigger called after him. "Sergeant Brown was looking for you, sir."

"Oh, yes," he said. "Thanks."

He walked away to the jeep, and in the moment before he started the engine the mechanic, from the wing of the aircraft, waved his hand, shouting, "Looks like Brown coming down the strip now, sir!"

"Right," he said.

He started the jeep and drove it slowly along the dispersal line. Brown was coming towards him, and Forrester, seeing him, felt very glad. He stopped the jeep and switched off the engine as Brown came on.

"Been looking for you everywhere," Brown said.

Forrester noticed that he did not salute and did not say "sir." He was not displeased, and said, "Well, on your way?"

"Getting a lift in a Beechcraft at two o'clock." Brown's eyes looked wrinkled and tired.

"On the beer last night?"

"With two bottles a month!" Brown said, "Indian gin, that's all. Well, it was something."

"I'm sorry you're going," Forrester said.

"I'm sorry too."

"What?" Forrester said. "You? Time-expired?"

"Well, you know. Half sorry. Something about the show gets you."

Forrester got ready to press the starter. He disliked long farewells.

But Brown said, "Look, sir." He put his hand into the pocket of his shorts and took it out again. "Something I knocked up for you."

He held out a fairly large double-bladed corkscrew knife.

"Made it out of bits and pieces, My trade. Just a souvenir."

Forrester did not know what to say. He took the knife and looked at it. Engraved on the side was his name: "S/Ldr. Forrester from Sgt. Brown, Burma, 1945."

He looked up at Brown and said simply, "It's nice. It's about the nicest knife I ever had. I can never keep 'em, though. Always lost them ever since I was a kid."

"You keep it," Brown said. "It's got a corkscrew."

Forrester laughed, and then, as he put the knife in his pocket, felt that he had something more to say. He felt suddenly very close to Brown.

"Look," he said. "Tell me something."

Brown did not speak.

"Have I been round the bend?" "Yes," Brown said. "Much?" "Pretty much sometimes." "How much?" "About as much as we could bear."

"I'm sorry," he said.

"It gets you like that," Brown said.

Forrester laughed again, and seeing it, Brown laughed, too.

Then he put out his hand and Forrester took it and gripped it hard.

They did not speak again, but it seemed to Forrester in that moment that they knew each other very well.

And as he started the jeep and began driving away, simply lifting his hand in farewell, he was glad he had spoken.

An hour later, in his tent, Forrester found Blore packing his things. The two beds, the bath, and the floor were littered with the careful paraphernalia of the man.

Amid it all Blore moved with a kind of anxious reverence; the old unctuous, irritating carefulness had broken into unsteady bewilderment.

Forrester felt sorry for him.

"Something I can do to help, surely?" he said.

"Don't touch anything. I want to be sure everything is there."

Forrester said nothing more. It was no use saying anything.

He walked away from the tent and remembered the savage afternoon, only two days before, when he had felt that if he didn't get out of the tent he would murder Blore.

Now he felt sorry about Blore.



There was an enmity between them that seemed viciously rooted.

He walked over to the mess-tent on the chance that the new beer ration would be in, but there was no beer.

Forrester sat down at one of the empty mess-tables and thought for a moment of the day before him: the flight down beyond the river; the flight back that would defeat the full fierce heat of the afternoon; the drive-out in the cool, scented evening to the village by the river.

Nothing of what he thought was complicated now by irritation.

In the evening he would talk to the girl again. He would tell her of everything that had troubled him, and then, strengthened by that, he would talk to the doctor.

Very soon things would grow straight and right again. He was glad to be alive, and everything was simple now.

When he went back to the tent again, Blore had almost finished packing, and Carrington had arrived with the flight plan.

To be continued

**SHE
FAULTED
AND THEN
WON A
LOVE SET**

BERYL AND JOHN
PLAY WELL TOGETHER,
DON'T THEY?

THEY CERTAINLY
DO. AND MY
DEAR, YOU
KNOW SHE'S
CRAZY
ABOUT HIM!

... AND AFTER ALL YOU
CAN'T BLAME JOHN.
SHE'S SO CARELESS
ABOUT "B.O."

THEY MUST
BE TALKING
ABOUT ME!
I NEVER
IMAGINED...

WINTER WEATHER
IS "B.O." WEATHER, TOO
Because of hot, stuffy
rooms and heavier cloth-
ing, the risk of "B.O." is
often greater still in
winter. All the more
reason to make sure you're
doubly safe from offending
by using Lifebuoy in your daily
bath or shower.

YOU LOOK LOVELY
TONIGHT, BERYL.
MAY I TAKE
YOU HOME?

I'D
LOVE
YOU TO
JOHN.

THE ONE SOAP SPECIALLY MADE TO STOP "B.O."

BUT
DIRECTLY
THE GAME
WAS OVER
JOHN MADE
SOME
EXCUSE
TO RUSH
OFF.

BERYL COULDN'T
UNDERSTAND IT
UNTIL...

THIS REFRESHING
LIFEBUOY, WITH ITS
SPECIAL HEALTH
INGREDIENT, GIVES
LASTING ALL-OVER
PROTECTION.

Even husbands
don't mind
washing up with

**Rinso's
THICKER, RICHER
SUDS**

The biggest pile of dishes
dwindles in two ticks
when you've a sink-full
of thicker, richer Rinso
suds. Those harder-working
suds dissolve grease and
KEEP ON dissolving it till the
last saucepan is sparkling. China,
glassware, silver come out gleaming. No
more limp, lazy bar-soap suds for you
once you've tried Rinso!

DON'T BE

Too Busy

TO THINK !

spend 3 minutes reading
this message . . . it vitally
affects your future !

In the rush and bustle of the daily round, in homes, offices or factories, it's *easy* to overlook the need to think ahead . . . it's *hard* to find time to make definite, detailed plans for the future. But don't worry . . . skip the elusive *details* . . . follow instead a general plan of *saving*. When you *save regularly*, and make your savings *work for you*, the future will take care of itself! You'll have the money to put into practice the plans you subsequently decide on.

And here is the best way to save:

Don't let your existing savings lie idle. Put them into Fifth Security Loan Bonds *now*! They'll earn better than bank interest—extra money that soon makes a worthwhile addition to your funds.

Then, economise—by buying only essential items, seeking out good values, refusing to pay more than fixed prices. Use the money you save to buy more Bonds by *instalments*.

Instalment buying is a great proposition—you make only a small down payment, interest commences immediately on your instalment and you pay only £1 a month for each £10 bond.

It's *easy* to buy Bonds—in your own shopping centre, there'll be a bank, savings bank or a money-order post office where you can complete the whole transaction in a few minutes.

Next time you're shopping—invest in the Fifth Security Loan—for cash and by instalments!

FACTS ABOUT THE FIFTH SECURITY LOAN

1. Money is needed for continuing war commitments, rehabilitation, important national works and services.
2. Bonds (for £10, £50, £100, £500 and £1,000) or Inscribed Stock may be purchased for cash or by instalments through any Bank, Savings Bank, Money Order Post Office, or Stockbroker. Interest is payable each six months at 3½% per annum for 12 years. Your bank will hold your Bonds in safe custody free of charge, and credit interest to your account.
3. Repayment in full at maturity is guaranteed by the Commonwealth.
4. On your application form, credit your subscription to your district to help its quota.

Save for Security

... invest in the

FIFTH SECURITY LOAN

Leave this
where your husband
can see it!



COUNTRY COUPLE John and Mary Frend leave St. Mark's, Darling Point, with attendants Dick Frend and Sheila Minter. Mary is eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Minter, of Carinya, Gundagai, and John is eldest son of Mrs. M. D. Frend, of Wahroonga, Guendah.

Intimate Greetings

BRIDES are in the limelight at the moment and hardly a day goes by without a wedding of wide interest.

St. Michael's, Vaucluse, is church chosen by pretty Ruth Stephens for her wedding to Peter McKee. Both bride and groom belong to Vaucluse. Ruth is second daughter of Dr. and Mrs. F. G. Stephens, and Peter is only son of Mr. and Mrs. N. P. McKee.

Ruth's talent for dress-designing is shown in her own lovely white marquisette full-skirted frock, appliqued in white lace, and bridesmaids' unusual frocks, each made with no less than 24 yards of material. Mary McKee's is pale blue marquisette over gold, giving a "shot" effect, and Margaret Stephens' is peach marquisette over daffodil, which makes a rich apricot color.

Scone's Ditha Westgarth and Tamworth's Tom Croft, who also answers to his baptismal name of Jasper, have round of parties in their honor in Scone and Sydney before their wedding at St. Philip's, Church Hill. Tom and Ditha plan to settle in Warren.

Mrs. T. M. Scott, of Double Bay, is determined to rest after April 27, the date on which daughter Dinah weds Wallaby footballer John Fuller at St. Mark's, Darling Point. Mrs. Scott was just recovering from excitement of her elder daughter Ann's wedding to Robertson Sheaffe a few weeks ago, when John arrived back from Wallabies' tour and he

and Dinah set their wedding date. Incidentally, Dinah is thrilled with tiny wireless set John brought back for her. It is the size of an ordinary handbag and no bother at all to carry around.

Two busy bridesmaids are Diana Brunt and Elizabeth Raine. In just over a fortnight Diana attends two brides, Anne Young at her wedding to Tom Read, and Helen Foster, who weds Dr. Douglas Pearson, of Melbourne, at St. Mark's on May 7.

Elizabeth, after attending Margaret Fyvie Watt at wedding to Arthur McKinnon, turns her bridesmaid attention to Dinah Scott, and then starts packing for her departure for England in the Orion at the beginning of May.

MUCH country interest in engagement of Maria Kelly, of Mungindi, to Carl Corrigan, of Moree and Mungindi. Celebration party at Prince's includes Muffi Allen, of Goondiwindi; Joyce Blomley, of Tilloo; and Margaret Wilson, of Vaucluse. Am told that Maria and Carl will not set wedding date until new home is built on Carl's property at Mungindi.

SEE recently married Mrs. Eric Malouf lunching at Romano's and learn that she is thrilled at having found a flat at Artarmon into which she and Eric hope to move next week. Companions at lunch are Gloria Thompson and Myrie Leach. Myrie tells me she is off to Armidale for a holiday.



MORNING STROLL in garden surrounding their cottage in grounds of Government House, Canberra, for Murray and Nell Tyrrell. Murray is official secretary to the Governor-General.



BRIDE FROM FORBES. Douglas Scott and his bride, formerly Pamela McLean, elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. I. A. McLean, of Forbes, cut cake at Carlton Hotel reception after wedding at St. Stephen's, Macquarie Street.



OLD GIRLS' BALL. Mrs. Pauline Holland, Nelle Herron, and Mrs. Bill Gadd, members of the committee organising the M.L.C., Burwood, Old Girls' Union annual ball at the Wentworth on June 17.

ROUND of country visits for Doug and Violet Swanson, not long back from a tour of England, Scotland, Ireland, and South Africa. After visiting Canberra, they go down to Yass for the Diggers Race Meeting, as Violet's brother Geoff Manning is president of the Yass Diggers. They then head for Cootamundra and on to Wagga for the running of the Wagga Cup at the Picnic Races. They return to Byron Hall next month.

SOJOURN in St. Vincent's Hospital, Bathurst, for Margaret and Jim Feehan, who had the bad luck to skid on loose gravel and overturn their car while driving near Bathurst. Margaret has a dislocated hip, which will be in plaster for two months, and Jim has several broken ribs. Baby Gay fortunately escaped injury and is now in the care of Margaret's sisters, Pat Hughes and Norrie Brown, at the Hughes' home at Darling Point.



PRETTY Leonie Dorgan (left) sells ice-cream and chocolates to Tom Roberts and Catherine Horton from the students' stall at St. John's College fete at Sydney University.



UNUSUAL bridesmaid's frocks of blue-and-white checked taffeta for Barbara Granowski and June Grogan when they attend Janet Cooper at her wedding to Bill Kenilsh at St. Augustine's, Neutral Bay.



BUSY WORKING for success of S.C.E.G.G.S. Ball at Tracadero this Thursday are former pupils Mrs. John Allsop and Joan Allsop. Ball will aid funds for Dorothy Wilkinson memorial library.



CHEERFUL TRIO at lunch at Prince's are Mrs. John Human (left), who has named her son Jonathan, Heather Field, and Mrs. Ken Hill.

ALTHOUGH she is busy attending parties in her honor, shopping, and having fittings for her wedding gown, Betty Thorby, of Maben, Wagonbaron, tells me she is determined to interrupt her Sydney visit to attend the Dubbo Show. Betty and her sister, Mrs. Alan Beeman, of Lindfield, have a little pony stud between them, and have entered Flash Jim, a tiny stallion, and Sally, a pony mare, in some of the pony events at Dubbo. Betty returns to Sydney a week before her wedding to Gordon Chubb, of Drummoyne, at St. Stephen's on May 7.

VISITING American authority on spastic paralysis, Dr. Earl Carlson, and Mrs. Carlson spend first Sunday in Sydney visiting the Ken Coles at their Palm Beach home. Have chat with Mrs. Carlson at party in their honor and she tells me that, although she is usually too busy with her husband's small patients at their school to travel, she liked idea of visiting Australia and left school in care of staff of former pupils. Party is packed with medics and their wives, including Dr. and Mrs. N. Clements and Dr. Burton Bradley. Also see the Percy Spenders and look twice at Jean's green corded suit with wide box-pleated skirt.

BRIEFLY: House at Palm Beach for the Julian Wards, who arrived from England recently to live in Australia. Mrs. Ward is the former Ann Bridge. . . . Rats of Tebruk Association Ball at Gros Auditorium on June 16. . . . Mrs. J. Irwin, of Coolah, with daughter Alberta and Alberta's fiancé, Alex Clugston, are touring the North Coast. . . . Sir Benjamin and Lady Fuller are visiting Melbourne and staying with the Garnett Carrulls at South Yarra. . . . September 24 is date fixed for opening of huge carnival in grounds of Yaralla for King George V Hospital funds. . . . Bruce Merriman is back at Merryville, Yass, after holiday at home of fiancée, Peggy Smith, at Tambo, Queensland. . . . Peggy plans visit to Sydney in May for ram sales. . . . Entire proceeds of Minerva's first matinee presentation of Priestly's "An Inspector Calls" this Wednesday go to St. Vincent's Hospital funds. Incidentally, Mrs. Michael Neylon, president of the St. Vincent's Women's Auxiliary, leaves for a visit to England soon with Dr. Neylon. . . . Brigidine Convent Ex-students' Ball takes place at Wentworth on May 4.

Georgie

In 1933 we produced the
"AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY"
 — and you liked it!



Now we produce
 Australia's first
 really Great
 National Monthly

A.M.
 THE AUSTRALIAN MONTHLY
A.M.

and it will be another winner too!

The Australian Women's Weekly has made World history for, not in any country of the World, is there a magazine which sells so many copies per head of population.

Not even "Life" . . . the "Saturday Evening Post" . . . or "Collier's" . . . with their enormous circulations in the United States equal the Australian Women's Weekly for coverage.

Surely this means that we have given Australia one of the World's finest weekly magazines.

For a long while we have been planning to produce a monthly magazine for both

men and women which would be equally popular in this country . . . the type of magazine for which this country has long felt the need . . . Witness the hunger for those big monthly magazines from America.

The war delayed us. Finally it seemed that dollar restrictions would prevent us from obtaining newsprint.

But we have obtained our paper from England with pounds sterling and no need for dollars.

It is an exceptionally fine quality paper because, of the 64 big pages which will appear in every issue of our great new national, 32 pages will be in rotogravure.

16 of these pages will be in full color and there will be a complete picture news section — a pictorial magazine within a magazine.

In fact, almost every page will carry color photos, illustrations, decorations or jokes.

Now, what will we bring you to read?

The leading authors of England, the U.S. and Australia will be writing fiction for us. Each story will be complete in each issue. With each story, or feature article, you will simply keep on turning from page to page until it is completed — no breaks in your reading.

There will be six feature articles in every issue. Some to make you smile. Some to make you think.

These articles will cover new angles of sport . . . the theatre . . . movies . . . politics . . . stories of our national life . . . just about everything.

Even the most thought-provoking of these articles will be lively to read — after all, thinking can be entertainment as you will find out in "A.M." — "The Australian Monthly"

There will be plenty of humor. For "A.M." will be a stimulating magazine, its pages evenly divided between pictures and the finest reading which the experience and world-wide connections of Consolidated Press can buy.

A great deal of that experience has been gained during the fifteen years we have been publishing the Australian Women's Weekly . . . We know what you want and we know how to get it.

Now, on Friday, April 30th, we will bring you the first issue of our great national monthly — "The Australian Monthly" . . . "A.M."

The Directors and Editors
 of Consolidated Press

ON SALE NEXT FRIDAY WEEK
 30th APRIL

Price

1/-

Place your order with your newsagent NOW.

A.M.
 THE AUSTRALIAN MONTHLY
A.M.

Adelyn introduces the beautiful fashion rainwear in Polo-Ray - lustrous and satiny - treated with DuPont Zelan for water repellency.



Adelyn

At all Fashion Stores

DRINK HABIT DESTROYED

Do you suffer through the curse of excessive drinking? EUCRASY has changed homes from misery and want to happiness again. Established 52 years, it destroys all desire for Alcohol. Harmless, tasteless, can be given secretly or taken voluntarily.

SEND 2/- FULL TWENTY DAYS' COURSE.

Dept. W, EUCRASY CO.
197 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

LEARN AT HOME

from 2/6 WEEKLY



It's "Quicker" - easier under MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE with a Saxepean Home-Study course for:

- * STEEL GUITAR
- * Hill-billy Guitar
- * Banjo Mandolin
- * Piano Accordion
- * Saxophone
- * Clarinet
- * Ukulele
- * Mouth Organ
- * Button Accordion
- * Violin
- * Piano

5000 have succeeded - why not YOU?

It takes 3 Lessons to play first piece - 16 Lessons a variety, and 20 Lessons any piece. It doesn't matter where you live.

Instruments. Exclusive models available on small payments to any part of Australia - Freight paid.

Free. Illustrated catalogue and descriptive booklet FREE. Write for yours. (MENTION INSTRUMENT FAVORED).
SAMPSONS, Dept. B, 421 Kent St., Box 4184X, G.P.O., Sydney.



1 LUXURY HOME on 5th Avenue, New York, is invaded by penniless tramp McKeever (Victor Moore) when its millionaire owner, O'Connor (Charles Ruggles), goes on holiday.



2 EVICTION of former soldier, Jim Bullock (Don DeFore), from a building owned by O'Connor causes McKeever to offer Jim a room in the 5th Avenue mansion with him.

It Happened on 5th Avenue

★ Victor Moore, who is celebrating his thirtieth year in films, has decided to play only comedy roles in future on stage or screen. He has a starring part in this gay comedy for Allied Artists by Herbert Clyde Lewis and Frederick Stephani.

Four songs are included in the story of a philosophic tramp who solves his housing problem by moving into the unoccupied homes of holidaying millionaires. Shortage of domestic staffs makes his plans successful as he moves from State to State.



3 SHOCK for O'Connor's daughter, Trudy (Gale Storm), when she finds intruders makes her collapse.



4 UNRECOGNISED by squatters, Trudy contacts her father and asks him to return home in disguise of a tramp.



5 BUYING OUTFIT for masquerade, O'Connor is told by Trudy that she has fallen in love with Jim and is interested in his plans to establish a settlement for former soldiers.



6 AT HOME O'Connor meets his estranged wife (Ann Harding), who has joined household as a cook at request of Trudy, who hopes for reconciliation between her parents.



7 AGREEMENT with Jim's plans leads to O'Connor obtaining a property for soldiers instead of making it an air freight base. Jim is given the job of managing the settlement.



8 LEAVING MANSION to go south in search of another empty house, McKeever is unaware of O'Connor's identity but encourages growing romance between Trudy and Jim.

GOSSARD * MISSIMPPLICITY



Glorify your figure with contoured loveliness

THE Gossard LINE OF BEAUTY

Goodbye to dull hair!



Don't let your hair get dull and lifeless looking. Dark or dark-brown hair should be washed regularly with Amami Shampoo No. 1 to give it that lovely, fresh, glossy appearance - the highlights full of colour. If your hair is fair, use Amami Shampoo No. 5.

Price, 10d (including rinse)

AMAMI

FRIDAY NIGHT IS AMAMI NIGHT

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE -

Without Calomel - And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should give out two pounds of fluid bile daily or your food doesn't digest. You suffer from wind. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel irritable, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes these good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel "up and up." Bileless, brittle, yet amazing in keeping you fit. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. N & U.



Always look for the name

MORLEY

on Underwear

MORLEY
"KANTSHRINK"

woollens maintain a natural, even body temperature. They're warm, but light and soft, so your body can breathe, safe alike from cold and overheating.

MORLEY
"VELNIT"

interlock cotton is luxuriously soft and smooth against your skin. Its unusual elasticity ensures a snug fit—and it stands up to plenty of wear and washing.

N.E. 777

Horrockses

the Greatest Name
in Cotton

SHEETS · PILLOWCASES

TOWELS · FLANNELETTES

WINCETTES · DRESS GOODS

SHIRTINGS · FURNISHINGS



Make your choice
SHEAFFER'S
Skrip



**WASHABLE OR
PERMANENT**

WASHABLE Skrip for home and school—wherever there are children—washes out of ALL washable fabrics with ordinary soap and water!

PERMANENT Skrip—for business records and documents—is permanent as the paper—withstands even boiling water!

Only Skrip comes to you in the convenient **TOP-WELL Bottle**—saves waste—keeps fingers clean—makes pen-filling easy.

For Sheaffer Pen Service send to Stott's, Warrigal Road, Holmesglen, Vic.

Cerebos
SALT OF QUALITY

The Happening Day

Continued from page 11

UPSTAIRS in the bedroom she said. "You're just not feeling well, child. In the morning everything will be all right. Two helpings of chocolate pudding are too heavy for little girls. Come, let me help you with your shoes."

"I want to say good-night to Hubert. I want to find him somewhere to sleep—"

"No, not now."

"I want to—I must—" Her voice rose in shrill rebellion, and before Grandmother could reach to stop her she was running downstairs.

She saw Grandfather coming out of the dining-room and she ran past him without stopping. He was powerless now, because she had disobeyed. He had to stand with Grandmother.

Hubert was gone. She ran down the garden, calling, and Grandfather came up behind her and took her hand, saying, "He went home, child. He must have gone home now."

Grandmother said from the doorway, "Alfred, bring her back upstairs at once!"

Silently, Grandfather hoisted Trudy to his shoulder, and took her back, and watched as Grandmother put her to bed. Trudy didn't look at him. She felt empty and helpless, and she knew that Grandfather was helpless, too. She said hotly: "He didn't go home. George took him away!"

"No," Grandfather said slowly, glancing at Grandmother. "George didn't take him away."

In her heart Trudy knew that this was true, but the panic in her made her go on. "He was going to, anyway! You were going to make him and Hubert knew it, so he ran away by himself!"

Then she was in bed, and they were gone. The sound of the closing door shut her away in the gathering dusk. Her heart was beating fast now. She knew where she had not looked; she knew where Hubert had gone. She could creep out the back way.

The dewy grass was cool and sweet to her bare feet as she climbed the long terrace to the summer house. But when she was almost there, the sound of voices told her that someone else was coming up the opposite slope.

She slipped through the door and, yes, there was the dim, large shape of Hubert, crawling out from under a bench.

"Hush!" she whispered, hugging him, and crawled under the bench herself, pulling him with her. "You'll have to be quiet!"

Hubert licked her face, but hushed tactfully and lay crouched quietly against her.

They came into the summer house, very close together. Mr. Pritchard was saying, "It's a beautiful garden. I knew that if I asked you to show it to me there'd be a place like this."

Aunt Estelle laughed. "This is the summer house," she said.

Trudy, peering out from under the bench, saw the dim shape of Mr. Pritchard do a remarkable thing. He seized Aunt Estelle in his arms with a quick, greedy movement.

Aunt Estelle gasped and struggled, and Mr. Pritchard muttered something. Aunt Estelle beat at his chest with her fists and cried, "Let me go, let me go—"

He let go with one arm and with his hand imprisoned both her hands, and bent his face close to hers. "Don't tell me you don't want to be kissed, little spitfire! It's been in your eyes and on your mouth, all the evening. Don't tell me—"

"It hasn't—I didn't mean—Oh,

let me go!" Aunt Estelle said desperately.

Trudy felt frightened and oddly frozen to the floor under the bench. She felt as if she ought to move or speak, but she couldn't. Hubert, however, did. He made an alarming sound in his throat, plunged out from under the bench and bit Mr. Pritchard on the ankle.

Things became confused in the summer house. Mr. Pritchard pranced about saying strange words with petrifying, savage intensity. He kept trying to kick Hubert, but Hubert dodged him nimbly. Aunt Estelle screamed and put her hands over her face, and in the midst of it came the fragrant smell of Peter's pipe.

That was the way with Peter. He'd go away when Aunt Estelle had other visitors, and he'd come back later to say good-night. Now he stood in the doorway and said, "Thought I heard something. Anything wrong?"

Aunt Estelle ran to him with a little swishing rush and threw her arms round his neck. "Peter, Peter, stay with me! Don't leave me ever!"

Peter said: "Well, I hadn't intended ever to leave you. What's the matter with Pritchard?"

Mr. Pritchard missed Hubert again and kicked one of the chairs, hard. His voice rose with a string of words that made Peter stiffen and carefully remove Aunt Estelle's arms from round his neck.

He walked over to Mr. Pritchard and hit him on the chin with his fist and Mr. Pritchard sat down heavily. "Ladies present, hadn't you noticed?"

Peter said.

Grandmother and Grandfather appeared, a little out of breath. Grandfather said, "What's the matter here?"

Trudy, crawling out from under the bench, caught Hubert by one leg and pulled him into her arms.

"It wasn't Hubert's fault!" she cried. "Mr. Pritchard pulled Aunt Estelle and she slapped him and Hubert bit him and Peter hit him and Mr. Pritchard fell down. But Hubert didn't start it—"

Aunt Estelle touched Grandfather's arm, and she was standing very straight. "It was my fault, Father. You don't need to tell me."

"No," said Grandfather slowly. "I don't think so." He patted her hand and walked over and looked at Mr. Pritchard. "Well," he said, "if you've been slapped and bitten and knocked down, I don't suppose there is anything I can add—"

Trudy was in bed again and Hubert lay on the floor beside her bed. Grandmother had brought an old patchwork quilt for him to sleep on.

Folding it carefully, making a bed for Hubert, Grandmother said, "It'll wash more easily than the carpet." And she patted Hubert's head twice.

Trudy felt sleep stealing sweetly into her small and tired bones. Hubert snored sonorously, and a curious thought explored the drowsy, narrow pathway of her mind. It straightened out, with neat, adult precision, a bothering thing about the procession of the early afternoon.

"Large enough," she thought, and the thought was a favorable comparison of all her family and Peter and Hubert, her friends, to the largeness of the Prime Minister.

(Copyright)

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.



LONG LASHIES
are so alluring

You can darken and lengthen your lashes without a soul knowing you've used a cosmetic! Arcancil gives silky, supple length by bringing out the tips which are normally invisible and enhances your lashes with a provocative curve. It stays on the whole day. Arcancil revitalises the roots so the lashes grow in length, strength and number. There's no smarting or stinging with this gentle cosmetic for it does not contain any kind of caustic. Arcancil simply can't run and is prepared in four entrancing shades. There's a colour for Arcancil, too, for the 'teens.



Sole Distributors: Messrs. Dowd & Co., 325 Flinders Lane, MELBOURNE, C.T.

**FOR CAREFREE
HAPPY
FEET**



Try the simple
ZAM-BUK
treatment

Your feet won't object to long walks or other recreation, even after a hard day, if you give them regular care and the benefit of this splendid Zam-Buk treatment. Start to-night! After bathing feet in warm water, dry thoroughly. Then rub Zam-Buk freely into ankles, soles, insteps and between the toes.

Those who suffer from their feet will find real comfort from Zam-Buk. It soothes away the soreness and pain, reduces swelling, and makes the skin supple and healthy. Sore toes, chafing, and blisters are soon healed if you smear with Zam-Buk and cover with lint. Corns are softened for quick removal.

Zam-Buk not only keeps the feet healthy and comfortable, but is excellent also for cuts, bruises, burns, insect bites, pimples, rashes and many other common skin complaints.

Zam-Buk
The Grand Herbal Ointment

**fortuna
cloth**

Dress Sense by Betty Keep

• A suit that will last several seasons is essential in every wardrobe, and the smaller the scope of the wardrobe the more important it is that the suit shall be appropriate to almost any social occasion.

THE letter I answer first this week is from a girl who must make her suits last—as most of us have to do.

“COULD you help me regarding the design for a wool tweed suit? The suit will have to do quite a few seasons, as I have only a small income. It will also have to be worn for all occasions. I understand tailoring and do all my own dress-making.”

Have your suit classic in design, but remember this year's classic is slightly different from the classic worn during the war years. The jacket is longer and lines are more defined—a rounded neckline, smaller shoulder-line, and pulled-in waist are the hallmarks.

Have the skirt length anything from 14 to 16 inches from the floor, depending on your own taste and figure proportions. Personally, I think 15 inches from the floor is a good average length. Give the jacket a single-breasted fastening, and have twin pockets at the hip-line. Always in 1948 fashion there is something prominent about the hips. It is wise of you to choose a suit for your winter wardrobe. A good suit fitted to perfection will rise to almost any occasion of your life.

For skating

“WOULD you kindly advise me on a skating ensemble? Last year, when I was only a beginner, I wore a short flared skirt and a wool jumper. This season, as I have got over the falling down stage, I would like something really smart and new. I am in my teens, and have quite a good figure. I would also like advice about color and material.”

A three-piece skating costume with a detachable hood would look attractive for a teenager. Have the jacket snug-fitting and waist-length, and the skirt cut with a good full swirl. It would be new to use contrast for both material and color. You could, for instance, choose a smoke-grey angora type wool for the main part of the ensemble and sunshine-yellow velvet for a wide band at the hemline and to line the hood. Have hemline reaching just to the knee-cap. This length will look far newer and smarter than last season's well-above-the-knee length.

Important date

“I HOPE to make my debut, and I was wondering if you could help me in the selection of a style and material for this important dress. Is it correct to wear or carry flowers, and will I wear gloves?”

You're a lucky girl to be a 1948 debutante because there are some really divine ball gowns for the young—pretty and romantic to a degree. You might, for instance, choose white marquisette extravagantly skirted with a well-pulled-in waistline, and rows of self-ruching on a just-off-the-shoulder capelet collar. Or marquisette sashed and banded with taffeta, with a strapless bodice finely shirred and worn with a little shoulder cape of taffeta. If you feel you would prefer a more formal material, choose rayon satin brocade, made with a wide crinoline skirt, with one shoulder bare and the other tied with a pretty bow.

A deb. wears gloves, and either carries a small bouquet of flowers or wears a corsage of flowers pinned to her dress. By the way—if you decide on one of the billowy skirted dresses I suggest, wear it over a starched cotton or taffeta petticoat. The extra fullness will give your skirt a graceful swirl.

• Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letter to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1088 G.P.O., Sydney.

Informal wedding

“AT the end of May I am to be married, but it is to be a very informal wedding. Just a few of my close friends will be present. I can't afford to have anything too elaborate, but I would like a very nice dress and a pretty hat. Would you please suggest a material and style suitable for the wedding and later for best?”

As you are being married in May with the coldest part of the winter ahead, you will be wise to choose wool for your dress fabric. Either a soft angora type wool or a wool jersey in a pastel shade would look pretty, and at the same time be thoroughly practical. The dress design will, of course, largely depend on your own figure and type. A one-piece made with a fitted bodice and full circular skirt is an attractive and easy-to-wear current fashion. A small bonnet-shaped hat tied under the chin with soft streamers would be a nice complement to a one-piece with a swirling skirt.



AN INFORMAL wedding dress of angora or wool jersey in a pastel shade worn with a small bonnet-shaped hat.

Two-purpose dress

“WHAT to wear at my son's wedding is really worrying me. The wedding is at 7 p.m., and my husband as well as the other male guests will be wearing business suits.”

Strictly speaking, when your husband wears a business suit, the correct fashion for you is a street-length afternoon dress. However, it is becoming quite customary to see a woman dressed in a simple dinner dress, and her escort wearing a business suit. If you feel like wearing a floor-length dress, do so. I consider it quite in order. Choose a simple model in a color suitable for day wear, and it may be shortened to street-length after the wedding.

Refurbishing

“I HAVE a black taffeta evening dress I would like you to help me renovate. The skirt is quite nice, just very full, but the bodice is old-fashioned. I can't afford to use too many of my coupons for evening wear, nor can I afford to spend the money on a new dress.”

An economical, simple, and coupon-saving way to refashion your evening dress would be a separate top to tuck into the taffeta skirt. First, see that the waistline of the skirt is well pulled in. If you have sufficient material in the discarded bodice top, make a cummerbund to match the skirt. If you intend wearing the dress for dancing, a fitted, off-the-shoulder top in pink satin would be charming. If it is for a less formal occasion I like the idea of beige lace made with long sleeves and a frilled neckline.

Boned bodices

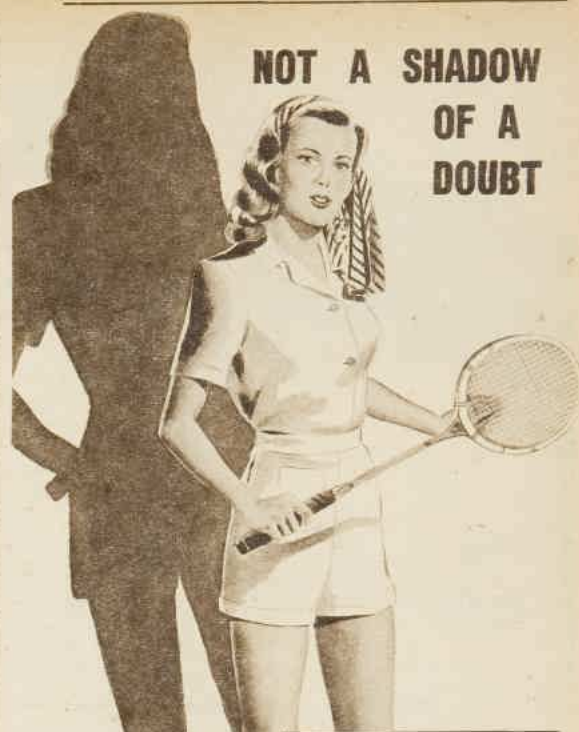
“I AM making a strapless evening dress, and the problem is how to make the strapless top stay 'put.'”

To ensure a really successful fit, a strapless bodice should be lined and boned; the bodice should also be carefully darted to fit the figure snugly. It will be necessary to use a fairly heavy material for the lining. The bones are sewn to the lining, not to the actual bodice. Special light bones can be obtained from the haberdashery department of any large city store. They can be bought in three sizes, and cost 3d. each. You will probably find it necessary to use four bones, one at each side seam and two in the front, reaching up to just under the bustline.

THIS YEAR'S classic suit has a rounded neckline, smaller shoulder-line, defined waistline, and longer jacket.



NOT A SHADOW OF A DOUBT



You're poised, self-assured, because you know no tell-tale outlines show when you choose Kotex sanitary napkins. The special, flat, pressed ends of Kotex prevent revealing outlines... keep your secret safe. Just one of many important Kotex features that are all very personally yours.

WOMEN EVERYWHERE
PREFER KOTEX

You're so at ease with that all-elastic Kotex Belt — so snug — so smooth-fitting — no binding.



CA 1187

For Adorably Smooth Hands

He'll fall in love with your adorably smooth, white hands... and you'll always keep them lovely soft with Pond's Hand Lotion. Every time you've had your hands in water and every night at bedtime, sprinkle on a few drops of Pond's Hand Lotion.

Rich, concentrated Pond's Hand Lotion is a special skin softener. You'll be thrilled how quickly hard-working hands respond to this simple Pond's care. At all chemists and stores.

POND'S HAND LOTION
P.S.—When bare ankles get rough and chapped with sun and wind, you'll soon get them smooth again by massaging with Pond's Hand Lotion.



air travel is more than **speedy travel**. Your flight ticket gives you delicious complimentary meals . . . cots, toys and books for the kiddies . . . refreshments and magazines for you, quick transport between airport and city, and the unfailing, helpful courtesy of TAA staff.

"Fly TAA—the friendly way"



Safeguard that Smile

If your gums flash a warning tinge of 'pink' on your tooth brush, consult your dentist. He may explain "tender gums robbed of work by to-day's soft foods" and advise "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage".

Brush your teeth with Ipana morning and evening, followed by vigorous gum massage with Ipana on the finger-tip.

Gums become firmer, healthier; teeth brighter, more lustrous.

Ipana
TOOTH PASTE
REFRESHINGLY DIFFERENT
Sold only by Chemists

Always Wakes - up HAPPY and BRIGHT



"Teething upsets" so easily pull baby down - yet they are so unnecessary. At teething time you should give the child Ashton & Parsons' Infants' Powders. In the safest and simplest way, they allay irritation, cool the blood, and keep the motions regular. Baby feels fine and teething passes without worry.

Box of 20 Powders - 1/6

Ashton & Parsons'
INFANTS' POWDERS

NO THANKS....
I'D RATHER HAVE A
**CRYSTAL
SHIRT!**



A Cinch FOR THE Waist...

REVIVAL of the feminine waist for the "new look" and the "newer look" continues to provoke discussion on the corsets, bras, and girdles necessary to round out the current fashionable contours.

Some waistline whittlers, dubbed variously cinch, nipper, and waist away, narrow you in as much as two inches at the middle.

Medical opinion seems divided on the actual danger to health in the latest foundation garments.

Overseas manufacturers of the confections are seeking to prove that the feminine middle is not unduly pinched or unnaturally compressed by their products.

They say women would not suffer the inconvenience and discomfort of such a proceeding, and that the cinch belt merely eases the flesh gently around into the most becoming contour.

Although willing to meet any demand for these petite garments, the makers feel that they are just a fashion phase, and will one day vanish as quickly as they came, leaving in possession of the field the real foundations of fashion—the bras, the girdles, and the all-in-ones that can nip a very neat waistline, too.

The smallest waist corset made is 25 inches, a clear indication according to manufacturers that women will not tolerate the discomfort of tight-lacing.

It was not fashion that put the foundation garment business on the financial map. It was a fine elastic thread that could be made into a fabric stretching up, down, and across, two-way and one-way stretch, enabling a wearer to bend over without strangling on her girdle.

An uplifted bosom, a trim midriff, a snug waist, and a rounded hip constituting the immediate feminine goal, manufacturers have scientific notions on hand to help nature out.

Newest girdles (as distinct from the cinch belts) rise well above the waist to give a small-waisted look with no bulges.

"We prefer to let clothes complete the illusion of small waists," say the manufacturers, who know comfort is always good business.



If you've got to hitch your girdle down every time you get up, it's either because you are wearing a non-stretch fabric or the garment is too short—a common error. Girdles should come two inches below the curve of the buttocks.

Getting into a zipperless or roll-on girdle with a minimum of contortion and hauling is a matter that requires some explanation. The recommended technique is to turn the garment inside out and upside down, flip the garter edge over to the inside and step in at that end.

Pull up until the garters are in place, and then, with as much nonchalance as is left, reach down, grasp the girdle in both hands firmly, without pushing fingers through the fabric, and roll it up into place.

Matching the waistline controversy is the speculation on the strapless, wired bra—to wear or not to wear. The wired bra was launched in Paris 20 years ago. Six years ago the designer settled in America.

Not just one wire, but a selection of wires in seven sizes and four thicknesses are built into this garment, which is meticulously fitted, and also carries a year's guarantee of comfort.

General medical opinion is not favorable, however, to any bra fashion which unduly concentrates pressure and constriction.

By
CAROLYN EARLE
Our Beauty Expert

Toddlers like to help

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

SELF-HELP in young children is always desirable and is a necessity for present-day living.

Parents should watch for signs of self-help in the second year and encourage and praise the efforts.

When the toddler wants to help mother in the home, or daddy in the garden, don't discourage such attempts, although they may sorely try your patience.

It is important that every child should learn to help himself and to help others from the earliest days.

"BE BEAUTIFUL"

LEARN how to make the best of yourself from "Be Beautiful," beauty book by Jean Cleland, published by Consolidated Press for The Australian Women's Weekly. To obtain a copy fill in the coupon below and post with postal note for 6/6 to The Australian Women's Weekly, Castlereagh Street, Sydney... we'll send you a copy of "Be Beautiful" POST FREE.

Please send me a copy of "Be Beautiful," by Jean Cleland, post free, to the address below. I am enclosing a postal note for 6/6.

NAME
ADDRESS

PRICE
6/6
POST FREE

You'll be on tiptoes next washday
when you get that...

PERSIL DAZZLE!



It's Persil's oxygen
that puts the Persil
DAZZLE in ALL
your wash



Book now

Please make your reservation well ahead, enclose a deposit, and nominate alternative dates if possible.



The VICTORIA

Every day at The VICTORIA, nine hundred guests enjoy the quiet luxury of one of the world's great hotels — comfortable, peaceful rooms, meals famous for their generosity, moderate tariffs, and the convenience of being in the very heart of Melbourne, next to the Town Hall itself.



THE VICTORIA PALACE LIMITED
215 Little Collins Street.

Telegrams: "VICPAL" Melbourne
Telephone: Cent. 8340 (20 lines)

Always in GOOD SHAPE

With your figure-line graciously controlled by a Lady Ruth Practical-Front, today's fashions are for you. Let Lady Ruth "inner vest" give that extra muscle support, that smooth hipline contour, that controlled freedom that reduces fatigue. Lady Ruth first—then your new season's wardrobe.

★ Now sized to actual waist measurements

Lady Ruth

PRACTICAL-FRONT CORSETS

AND Charma UNDERLIFT BRASSIERES



Gas Fires



Just a flick of the fingertip and your Gas fire gives a cosy, cheerful warmth *instantly*—ventilating your room as it warms. Gas fires are modern, speedy, convenient and clean. There's no dirt, dust, or ashes to cause work or to spoil furnishings—only radiant healthful warmth for all the family. For warmth without work—modern room heating by Gas!

GAS

THE NATIONAL GAS ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA

GAS for the 4 BIG JOBS — Automatic Cooking — Silent Refrigeration — Instant Hot Water — Healthful Heating



Rabbit - hot or cold.

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

RABBIT CASSOLETTES

Two cups diced cooked rabbit, 1½ cups white sauce, ½ cup finely diced cooked celery, 1 dessertspoon finely minced onion, cayenne pepper, salt, pastry-coats or patty-cases, finely diced parboiled red or green capsicum or grated carrot to garnish.

Combine rabbit, sauce, celery, and onion. Season with salt and cayenne. Fill into pastry-cases, place on oven tray. Just before serving heat in moderate oven and garnish with red or green capsicum or grated carrot.

RABBIT RING LOAF

One rabbit, 1½ cups white sauce, 1 egg, 1 cup soft white bread-crumbs, 1 teaspoon finely minced onion, 2 tablespoons diced ham, salt, cayenne, squeeze lemon juice, browned bread-crumbs.

Remove tail joint from rabbit, soak 1-hour in salted water. Place in boiling salted water with thin piece lemon rind, ½ slice of onion, sprig parsley. Simmer 1½ to 2 hours or until flesh is tender. Strip flesh from bones, cut into small pieces. Fold into sauce, add all other ingredients. Grease ring-tin

well, dust lightly with browned crumbs. Fill with rabbit mixture, bake 30 to 40 minutes in moderate oven (375deg. F.). Turn on to serving dish, serve hot with carrot straws, green peas, and browned potato puffs. To prepare puffs, cream mashed potato with nut of butter and a little milk. Force through large rose pipe on to greased tray; bake in hot oven until lightly browned.

RABBIT AND CHEESE SHORTCAKE

Two cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 2 cups white sauce, 2 tablespoons diced parboiled red capsicum, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 4 tablespoons diced cooked bacon, 2 cups diced cooked rabbit, 1 tomato, parsley.

Sift flour, salt and cayenne. Rub in shortening, add sugar and cheese. Mix to a soft dough with beaten egg and milk. Fill into greased loaf-tin 8½in. x 4½in. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 30 to 35 minutes. Combine sauce,

RABBIT and CHEESE SHORTCAKE (left) and rabbit cassiolettes (pictured above) might well feature on luncheon or supper-party menus.

capsicum, onion, half the bacon, rabbit. Reheat to boiling point. Fill into split cheese loaf. Garnish with sliced tomato, balance of bacon, parsley. Serve in thick slices.

MOULDED RABBIT MOUSSE

One dessertspoon gelatine, 1 cup hot water, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 heaped teaspoon flour, ½ cup milk, 2 tablespoons mayonnaise, salt, cayenne pepper, 1 egg-white, 2½ cups finely diced cooked rabbit, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 2 tablespoons diced ham.

Soften gelatine in hot water. Melt butter, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk, continue stirring until boiling. Cool, fold in mayonnaise, stiffly beaten egg-white, rabbit, parsley, onion, ham, salt, cayenne, and soaked gelatine. Fill into wetted mould. Chill until set. Unmould on to bed of lettuce leaves, garnish with tomato slices, cold cooked peas, curled celery, sliced cucumber, and shredded lettuce. Serve with brown bread and butter or cheese scones. Extra mayonnaise may be served separately.

CURRIED RABBIT WITH SPAGHETTI

One rabbit, 1 tablespoon fat, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 dessertspoon curry-powder (or less according to taste), 3 cups water or stock, 1 apple, 1 tablespoon chutney, 2 tablespoons sultanas, 1 grated carrot, 1 dessertspoon vinegar or lemon juice, 1 teaspoon brown

sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 medium onions, 2 cups cooked drained spaghetti, lemon wedges and parsley to garnish.

Wash rabbit, remove tail joint, soak 1-hour in salted water. Cut into joints, dry. Brown in hot fat, remove, add flour, and brown. Stir in curry-powder, water, chopped apple, sultanas, carrot, vinegar, sugar, and salt. Continue stirring until boiling. Add rabbit joints, chutney, and sliced onions. Cover closely and simmer 1½ to 2 hours or until rabbit is tender. Turn on to hot serving dish, ring with hot spaghetti, garnish with lemon wedges and parsley.

JELLIED RABBIT SHAPE

One rabbit, 1 slice of lemon, 1 slice of onion, 2 cloves, sprig of parsley, salt, 1 scant tablespoon gelatine, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 or 2 tablespoons diced ham, 1 cup cooked green peas, 1 cup cooked carrot rings or cubes.

Remove tail joint from rabbit, soak 1-hour in salted water. Drain, cut into joints. Simmer 1½ hours or until tender in water to cover, adding lemon, onion, cloves, parsley, salt. Drain, reserving 1 pint of stock. Strip flesh from bones, mince finely. Soften gelatine in the hot stock, stir until dissolved. Set a very thin layer in bottom of wetted mould. When firm, arrange pattern of sliced hard-boiled eggs; add a little more jelly, allow to set. Add layer of peas and a little more jelly. When set, add layer of carrot and jelly. Fold rabbit into balance of jelly, with ham, balance of hard-boiled eggs, peas and carrots. Fill into mould, chill until set. Unmould and serve with crisp salad vegetables.

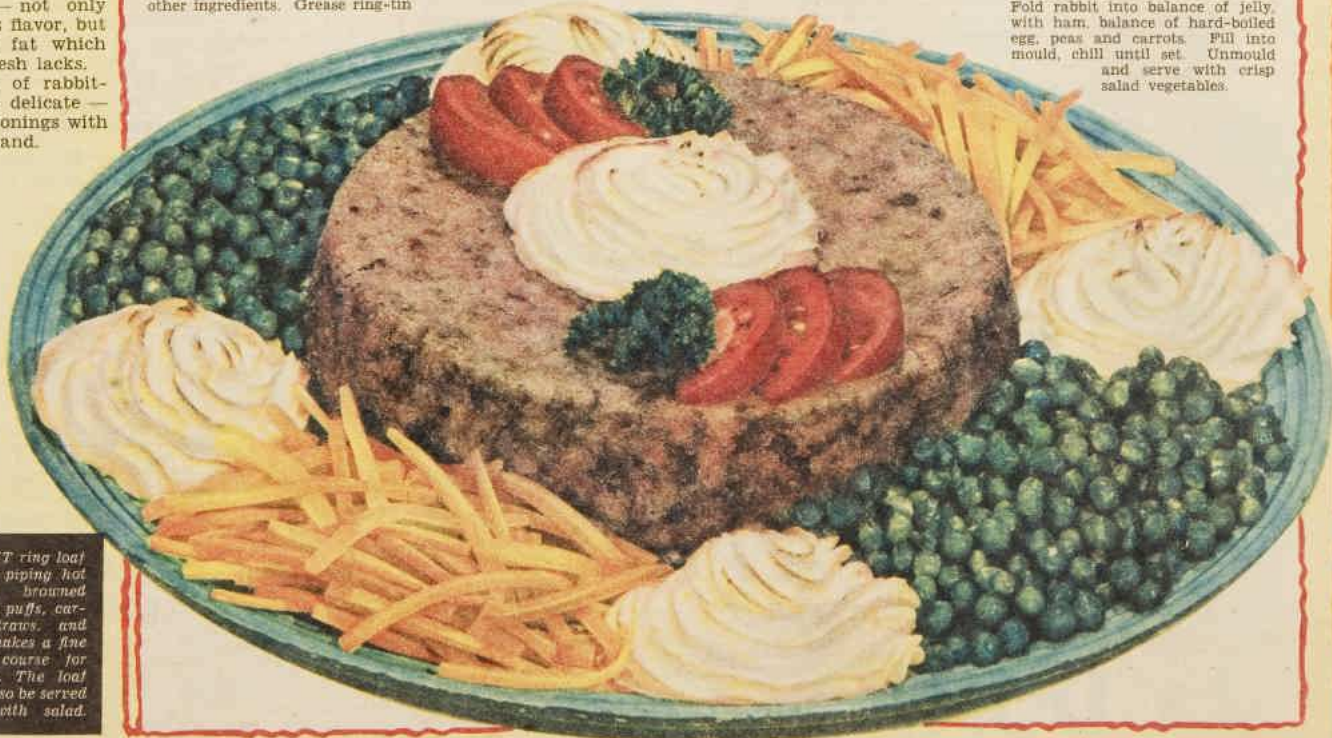
TENDER young rabbit meat is good food... care in selecting the rabbit, and in preparing it, will ensure that the delicate flavor is brought out in the finished dish. Rabbit-flesh should be "pinkish" in color, firm to touch, and sweet to smell.

Removing end of tail joint and soaking 1-hour in salted water (1 tablespoon salt to 1 quart water) helps to remove wild-game taste.

Bacon or ham — used in most rabbit recipes — not only improves flavor, but provides fat which rabbit-flesh lacks.

Flavor of rabbit-flesh is delicate — add seasonings with a light hand.

RABBIT ring loaf served piping hot with browned potato puffs, carrot straws, and peas makes a fine main course for dinner. The loaf may also be served cold with salad.





Taste the 'Garden-Fresh' Flavour!

The sweetest, tenderest green peas you ever tasted—grown for Heinz in Australia's "garden", N.W. Tasmania. Picked the moment they're perfect—cooked and canned the same day! Two sizes—30 oz. (family size) and 16 oz. Two varieties—Heinz Green Peas, full and tender—and Heinz SMALL Green Peas, young, sweet, extra-delicate. They're at your grocer's NOW!

HEINZ

Green Peas

HP23/12

PICKED THE MOMENT THEY'RE PERFECT



For Chest Colds take
Woods' Great Peppermint Cure

EACH SALE

of Woods' Great Peppermint Cure. A grateful patron doth ensure; For every test he puts it to, Confirms what e'er 'tis claimed to do. Such certainty must seem sublime, Because it "makes good" every time—No hacking cough can long endure, Opposed to Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

EVERY PICTURE TELLS A STORY!
The secret of fitness, in middle age and later, often lies in healthy kidney functioning.



Thousands of men and women owe their buoyant energy through life's middle and later stages to maintenance of healthy kidney action. A slowing-down of kidney functioning in middle life is a frequent cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, disturbed nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Here's a simple, safe way to gain happy relief—take DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills, a stimulant-diuretic, manufactured under rigid standards of purity for the express purpose of promoting healthy kidney action.

AT CHEMISTS
AND STORES
ALL OVER
THE WORLD!



DOAN'S

BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS

Sole Proprietors: FOSTER-McLELLAN CO., Buffalo, New York; London; Sydney; DPT/8/7



THIS week's first prize winning recipe, salmon ring loaf, is an appetising dish for a meatless dinner. Cut in wedges and served with tartare sauce, it makes a substantial and satisfying course.

THERE is crunchily almond meringue topping on this teacake. The recipe is economical, as there is only one egg in the cake and the frosting.



Fish loaf wins prize

• This week's first prizewinning recipe, salmon ring loaf, is sufficiently satisfying to serve as the main dish of a meatless dinner.

NEXT time you have visitors for afternoon tea, serve almond meringue teacake, which also wins a prize. The almond-flavored topping is delicious.

And treat the family to a delicacy by serving sherried kidney saute. Veal or ox kidney may be used in place of the sheep's kidneys. If ox kidney is substituted, it will need to soak at least one hour in the salted water, and to cook 25 to 30 minutes longer than time stated.

SALMON RING LOAF

One 12oz. tin salmon or fish cutlets or 1lb cooked, flaked fish fillets, 1½ cups chopped tomato (skinned before cooking), 1½ cups soft white breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons melted margarine or butter, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, salt and pepper.

Drain liquor from fish, remove bones, flake. Add tomatoes, breadcrumbs, margarine or butter, salt and pepper, mix well. Bind with beaten egg and lemon juice. Grease ring-tin, sprinkle thickly with browned breadcrumbs. Fill fish mixture into tin, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 30 to 35 minutes. Turn on to hot dish, serve piping hot with tartare sauce, peas, and potatoes.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. G. Jarrett, Falbrook, Glennie's Creek, via Singleton, N.S.W.

SHERRIED KIDNEY SAUTE

Six sheep's kidneys, 1 small onion, 1 level dessertspoon fat, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne, 1 heaped dessertspoon flour, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon diced bacon, 2 tablespoons sherry, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley.

Wash kidneys, remove skin and core, soak 1 hour in salted water. Drain, dry, chop roughly. Melt fat in pan, add kidneys, bacon, and finely chopped onion, allow to brown. Add flour, salt, pepper, and mustard, cook 1 minute. Stir in water, bring to boiling point, stirring constantly. Cover, simmer 1 hour over low heat (an asbestos mat is an advantage). Fold in sherry, turn on to hot serving-dish, garnish with chopped parsley. May be served on toast, with toast fingers, or with hot vegetables.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss K. Cass, 57 Mallin St., Kew, Melbourne.

ALMOND MERINGUE TEACAKE
One tablespoon margarine or butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg-yolk, vanilla, 1 cup mixed fruit, 1 cup self-raising flour, 3 tablespoons milk.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar and vanilla. Add egg-yolk and fruit, mix well. Fold in sifted flour alternately with milk. Turn into well-greased sandwich-tin. Bake in hot oven (400deg. F.) 20 to 25 minutes. Remove from tin, place on biscuit-tray for easier handling when spreading meringue topping.

Meringue Topping: One egg-white, 1 cup castor sugar, 2oz. almond meal or 3 drops almond essence, 2 tablespoons cakecrumbs. Beat egg-white with pinch of salt until stiff and frothy. Add sugar, beat until mixture holds its shape. Fold in almond meal or crumbs and essence. Pile roughly on to teacake. Return to slow oven (325deg. F.) until meringue is set and lightly browned. Allow to cool before cutting in wedges for serving.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. Lyons, Carinya Residential, New Farm, Brisbane.

HAM ROLLS WITH CHEESE SAUCE

Ham Rolls: Two cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 4oz. margarine or good clean fat, good 1 cup milk, 1 cup chopped ham, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard. Sift flour, baking powder, and salt, rub in shortening. Mix to a firm dough with milk. Turn on to floured board, knead slightly, roll to 1in. thickness in oblong shape about 12in. x 10in.

Mix mustard with ham, spread on pastry. Glaze edges, roll up lengthwise, starting to roll from longest side. Cut into slices 1½in. thick. Press each slice down to about 1in. thickness. Place on greased tray, bake in hot oven (425deg. F.) 12 to 15 minutes. Serve hot with cheese sauce.

Cheese Sauce: One dessertspoon margarine or butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 1½ cups milk, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 teaspoon salt.

Melt margarine or butter, add flour and salt. Cook 2 to 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk, cook until mixture boils and thickens, stirring constantly. Fold in cheese, serve hot with ham rolls.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. H. Briggs, Bagotville, via Lismore, N.S.W.

Take care of it!



Good, pre-war furniture is rightly valued these days. Give it the protection it deserves. Just a little touch of LIQUID VENEER is most effective for cleaning, beautifying and preserving highly finished surfaces. Gives a marvellous gloss you'll be proud of. Use LIQUID VENEER for satisfaction, it is most economical. Use it on your car, too. Obtainable at all good-class hardware stores.

LIQUID VENEER

PRICES 4 oz. 1/11, 12 oz. 2/10.

AUSTRALIAN DISTRIBUTORS:
FASSETT & JOHNSON LTD.
36/40 Chalmers Street, Sydney, N.S.W.



Whether you prefer a powder or liquid polish, you can depend on the quality of

Goddard's

Plate Powder or Silver Polish

IN BOXES IN BOTTLES

Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers:
J. Goddard & Sons Ltd., Leicester, England.
— Australian Agents —
Salmond & Spraggins (Aust.) Pty. Limited
All Hours

DRESSCUTTING

Making, Fitting and its Problems. Bias Cutting, Draping, all secrets of perfect fitting. Sleeves, Ladies' Tailoring, Linings, etc. Adults, Children's Wear, etc. cut immediately to size and measure or design. "BY TAP MEASURE" No charts, tedious, old-fashioned Drafting or complicated Methods. Learn "THE PROPER METHOD" with the exclusive cut size fit. THOROUGH PROFESSIONAL AND HOME DRESSMAKING COURSES by Post FROM 30/- Write to Secretary for Booklet. (The self Academy under appointment to the Commonwealth Government in Queensland).

Modern Designers Academy

Principals: James Douglas, 145 St. A.P.P. (Ret. M.E.) and A. Douglas (Ret. over 10 yrs.) 77 QUEEN STREET, BRISBANE, QUEENSLAND.

ASTHMA CURBED QUICKLY

Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, ruin your health, and weaken your constitution. Mendaco, the prescription of an American physician, starts by leaving Asthma in 3 minutes, and gives you new vigour so that you can sleep all night, eat anything, and enjoy life. Mendaco is so successful that it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breath in 24 hours, and to satisfy completely your money back on return of empty packet. Get Mendaco from your chemist. We guarantee protection to you.

Mendaco

For Asthma . . . Now 6/- & 12/-

It's fun to live in a lovely house

—and it's fun to make it lovely

We all love our home—even though, these days, so many of our homes have got into the habit of looking shabby.

But, at last we can do something about it with Taubmans Paints—becoming available again in an increasing variety of types and colors.

It's amazing how much can be done to make your home look brighter—even in a week-end with a few willing family hands.

Inside! Outside! Down the garden path with color! And even take the front fence into the sweep of your brush. On this page we give you suggestions for some of Taubmans long-lasting paints to ask for. All so easy to use—and you'll be so sure of success with any one of them!



Taubmans Dynamel

Anyone can do a good job with Taubmans Dynamel—better than enamel! Dries quickly! Dries hard! Never a streak or brush-mark. You get a mirror-finish first time. For furniture and woodwork. Brighten the inside of all cupboards with Dynamel, too!

See **Tangotile Roof Paint**,
Taubmans New Roof Color



Taubmans Enamelised Butex

The most beautiful finish for exterior trimmings . . . windows, doors, gutterings. Retains a brilliant gloss.



Taubmans Super Paint

for the outside of your house. Gives years of satisfaction.



Taubmans Solpah Paving Paint

The long life gloss color for floors, linos, and all cement surfaces.

Your dealer might not always have the exact color or type of paint you ask for but Taubmans provide a big range of colors and paints for every household purpose. You should soon have all you need to carry out the color scheme you want because we are expanding production at all possible speed.

Also remember **Taubmans Silvafros** for an extra brilliant silver coating for all metals.

Also **Taubmans Floor Vernish Stain**.

TAUBMANS PAINTS

Gaynor

This charming Gaynor Court with studded roll adornment is made in kid leathers and in American gabardine.

AUSTRALIA'S LOVELIEST SHOE

Don't be a Cinderella ... be a Princess

1/- buys ...

New Clothes

for your kiddies

PRINCESS DYES

The Dye with the 4 Exclusive Features

BUSY HANDS NEED SOLVOL DAILY

SOLVOL CLEANS HANDS FASTER

Work-a-day stains vanish in Solvol's thick quick lather. Its gentle action keeps hands smooth, cleans more thoroughly ... four times faster than ordinary soaps ever can. Solvol will not harm the skin. Always keep Solvol handy ... best in the bathroom where the whole family can use it.

WE USE SOLVOL EVERY DAY—THAT'S WHY WE KEEP IT IN THE BATHROOM



BOY'S ROOM: Natural Pacific maple furniture, red, white, and black check covers, cherry-red upholstery on chairs, walls and carpets in pinky fawn tones. Prints are of engineering projects and experiments in chemistry.



MAIN BEDROOM: Lemon-toned walls, green carpet, cedar furniture, yellow, white, khaki curtains, mustard-yellow bed covers. One chair upholstered in orange and one in yellow.

Iris was once called
"GODDESS OF THE RAINBOW"

Many a little garden owes much of its beauty to a bed of stately irises, rising nobly erect from an array of sword-like leaves.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER

THE children call them flags, and "back-garden orchids" is another name bestowed upon this decorative floral subject.

Given a well-drained spot and a fair amount of sunshine the bearded iris will thrive almost anywhere and is almost impossible to kill.

Although the purple flag is the variety most often seen in this country, the range of color among irises is one of the most wonderful things in nature and has not been artificially produced.

Ages ago, ancient Greeks proclaimed the iris "Goddess of the Rainbow," a tribute to its color range.

When, through the crystalline air, always a characteristic of their country, their gaze was caught and held by a rainbow, they fashioned the legend that the great god Zeus, Father of Heaven, had created an iridescent pathway to earth, along which his messengers would speed, bringing courage and hope to all mankind. So the iris was named a goddess of this colorful path.

The great iris family, which includes freesias, gladioli, and crocuses, numbers close on a thousand members. Of the iris proper there are about 200 varieties, very many of which are highly self-colored or contain several shades or tones.

Regally tall or tantalizingly diminutive, for they vary in stature from three inches to six feet, irises still set riddles for horticulturists.

and experiments are constantly being conducted with them by experts, not only to solve problems of color and germination, but also to breed new varieties.

Although the flowering period in Australia is chiefly spring and early summer, the bearded varieties, particularly, often throw spikes in autumn and sometimes in winter.

One of the greatest puzzles this plant offers is that the purple and yellow varieties vary from year to year. One year the gardener sees a clear yellow flower on his plant and the next the same plant may have blooms streaked with purple.

There are also authenticated cases of iris blooms producing purple segments on one side and yellow on the other side of the centre line. For this reason the iris is an acquisition to the garden, as one never knows what interesting variations may occur.

Gardening briefs

- Tender shrubs such as luculia, acalypha, browallia, brunsfelsia, clerodendron, and combretum should be set out before the cold weather sets in.
- Set out seedlings of hardy annuals, biennials, and perennials now for spring display.
- Daffodil, hyacinth, tulip, freesia, anemone, and other spring-flowering bulbs can still be set out in warm areas.
- Remove spent stems from roses during autumn, and the bushes will bloom longer.
- Rooted cuttings or small plants of climbers will strike readily if set out before frosts occur.



REGAL and stately bearded iris, one of the gems of the garden and a most generous flowering plant when given an open, sunny position and well-drained, fertile soil.

- Buy and plant out more native shrubs. They are very hardy, drought-defiant, and mostly very beautiful.
- Chorizema, boronia, cassia, Christmas bush, crocalaria, pillies, and grevilleas are some of the best.

MOTHER CRAFT
A TOPIC THAT IS ALWAYS NEW

Mothercraft is a never-ending vigil. Just as necessary through school years as in babyhood. And now—when every child must be on tip-toe with alertness—mother needs to realise how essential it is to keep the system functioning regularly with the gentlest and best children's aperient—Steedman's Powders.

For Steedman's, which are invaluable through teething time and babyhood, are just as beneficial during school years. They ensure that gentle regularity and purity of blood stream which maintain health and give zest to tackle the problem of growing up in a difficult world.

So give Steedman's Powders from teething to teens. Look for the double EE on every wrapper to ensure that they are genuine. Made only by John Steedman & Co., Walworth Road, London, S.E.17.



Only the best is good enough for your Eyes

The extreme sensitiveness of your eyes makes it imperative that they receive only the best of care ... and only the best of eye lotions. Supplies have improved now, and you should not find it difficult to have OPTREX on hand to soothe and help your eyes whenever they are strained by glaring lights or overwork ... or irritated by dust, fog or smoke.

Optrex
the eye lotion

Energy and vigour ... come from ENO'S

You cannot enjoy life as Nature intended if your body is habitually clogged with poisonous food waste. A regular purgative glass of ENO'S "Fruit Salt" will keep your system free from poisons that rob you of energy and vigour.

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"
REFRESHING ... AN AID TO GOOD HEALTH



GIRL'S ROOM: Pale turquoise walls, burgundy rug, natural silver ash furniture, curtains patterned in rose, lemon, and turquoise colorings, turquoise bed cover, soft pink lampshades and bases, and ballet prints on walls in delicate pink mounts. All three bedrooms were displayed at the Royal Show, Sydney, by Anthony Hardens.

Princess at home for week-ends

By ANNE MATHESON
of our London staff

Every morning as the traffic roars in from the outskirts to the business centres of London, a car slips out of Kensington Palace, joins the stream of city workers, and, swinging right down Constitution Hill, the driver drops his wife off at Buckingham Palace.

It is the Duke of Edinburgh on his way to work at the Admiralty, and Princess Elizabeth on her way to the suite in Buckingham Palace which she has turned into an office.

By ten o'clock both are at their desks. For Britain's No. 1 Newlyweds have a working partnership... one that keeps them both busy and happy for the eight hours of the day they are separated.

While Philip continues his naval career, Princess Elizabeth gets down to the new and exciting experience of running a home as well as a job. Of being, in fact, a "working wife."

When the week-ends come round they are free-free to enjoy the quietness and richness of their first real home, "Windlesham Moor," in Surrey. And it is to Windlesham they have taken the wedding presents chosen from the many thousands showered on them.

At Windlesham their life flows quietly, away from official duties and the round of parties to which most young married couples are heir.

The house-warming, to which all their young friends are looking forward, has not gone past the drawing up of the guest list stage.

Princess Elizabeth, with a very small staff and full programme dur-



PANORAMIC view of "Windlesham Moor," the first real home of Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh.

ing the week, is finding setting up house at Windlesham Moor a much longer and harder task than she had anticipated.

Nevertheless it is one she is thoroughly enjoying. Having only the week-ends to work on her country home and arrange in her own very individual manner the many lovely presents that are hers and Philip's, the "settling in" has become her relaxation.

Deep cream and duck-egg blue in furnishing taffeta is the overall color scheme of Princess Elizabeth's rooms. She has furnished the living-rooms in rose and cream.

Using nylon in deep rose and gold with a beautiful gold-and-cream design for the curtains and rose-red-and-cream brocade in a traditional star-and-tulip design for furnishings, the living-rooms have both richness and comfort.

The floors are all parquet, with few rugs scattered over their polished surface.

Princess Elizabeth has had sent down her piano and the radiogram which was the best man's wedding

present, with a fine collection of records from classics to samba.

Housekeeping at Windlesham presents no problems for Princess Elizabeth; for housekeeper Miss E. McGrigor, from Balmoral, has everything under control. And with the Royal newlyweds registered at Kensington, week-end menus are made up of off-the-ration food.

Assisting Miss McGrigor there is only one maid for the three-story-high Windlesham mansion, and the butler is also the Duke of Edinburgh's valet.

Princess Elizabeth's week-ends are quiet, with simple housekeeping, arranging her presents, and of golf on the Windlesham Moor nine-hole course, but the week-days are full and fascinating.

Sharing with her husband his simple, direct, and realistic outlook on people and affairs, Princess Elizabeth is now able to enjoy the freedom of going about with him unhampered by the restrictions which formerly surrounded her.

Her popularity, which seemed to reach its peak when as a radiant bride she left Westminster Abbey, has been further strengthened by her informal appearances in public, and her natural and spontaneous appreciation of simple social pleasures.

The Clock Tower, Kensington Palace, former home of Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone, is little more than a furnished apartment... a town flat where the Princess and her husband can work and organise the rebuilding and re-decorating of bombed Clarence House, which in time will be their London home.

With the blueprints of work in progress at Clarence House in front of her, Princess Elizabeth is making suggestions for the alterations that are being done, as a result of the bomb damage.

In time it will once more be one of London's most beautifully appointed mansions. And when this time comes, Princess Elizabeth will reign there as chatelesaine with her husband, whose taste and sympathies have a very definite influence on her own.

IT'S NEW! *its Magic!*
this exquisite foundation

princess
BY *Sureco*

FOUNDATIONS AND BRASSIERES
OF REGAL CHARM AND GRACE

At last! A NEW Foundation—NEW and excitingly different in its quality of precision fitting, a fitting for almost any type or size or style of figure. You have waited years for just such a foundation as "Princess"—years during which untiring research has evolved this exquisite range of foundation garments and brassieres. However, should you be one of the rare few who cannot be suited perfectly with a stock garment, you may have your "Princess" foundation tailor-made to your own measurements.

THERE IS A "PRINCESS" BRASSIERE AND FOUNDATION FOR EVERY FIGURE

AT LEADING STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA
Invented by C. McLennan & Son Pty. Ltd., 252-254 Castlereagh St., Sydney, N.S.W.

Her skin so very lovely

TO make your skin look younger; to hold powder with infinite witchery for hours; Creme Charmosan is priceless.

Your favourite Cream in two sizes

- Big jars for your dressing table; convenient tubes for your handbag.

Jar 2/10 Tube 1/2

creme Charmosan

BOVRIL

makes dishes more delicious

The very essence of good cooking—that's Bovril! It's the making of sumptuous soups, succulent stews, thick meaty gravy and all other savoury dishes. For it adds the concentrated goodness of prime lean beef, enriching and bringing out the full nourishment and appetising flavour.

THE CONCENTRATED GOODNESS OF PRIME LEAN BEEF

—that's **BOVRIL**



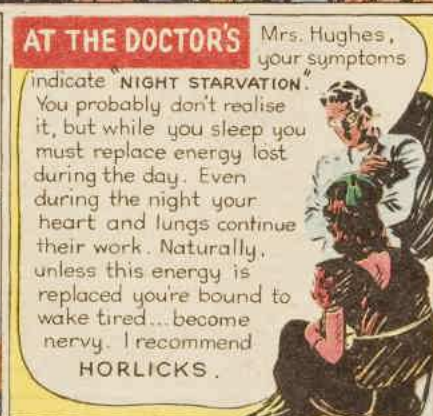
AN ELECTRIC SPOT TABLE invented by Mr. Francis Jenkins, of Hurstons Park, N.S.W. Hot plates are built in and controlled by individual switches, so that dinner for incomers presents no problems. Foods that need long, slow cooking can be left on the hot spots overnight, and there is no danger of burning.

A REAL MOTHER AGAIN!

But not so long ago I was right out of the picture



LATER



HORLICKS made all the difference to me. It will do the same for **YOU!**

DELICIOUS Horlicks helps you wake up with new reserves of vigour and power. Drink Horlicks and change Night-Starvation to radiant vitality. Horlicks keeps you fit while it guards against Night-Starvation. Ask for Horlicks by name.

HORLICKS
GIVES YOU...

- ✓ PROTEIN
- ✓ CARBOHYDRATE
- ✓ VITAMINS A, B₁, B₂, D
- ✓ MINERAL SALTS
- ✓ CALCIUM



* Made with milk.

HORLICKS GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT STARVATION

FASHION FROCK SERVICE

"CLARISSA."—Basic Frock For Winter.

A dress for autumn weather, or to wear under a coat for wintry days. Add a flower and string of pearls for dining in town. Has delightful full skirt and sleeves, trim bodice, and neat Peter Pan collar. Material in silk rayon in sunset-gold, twilight-blue, crouton-beige, nutmeg-brown, navy, and black.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. to 34in. bust. 69/11 (8 coupons), 36in. to 38in. bust. 75/18 (8 coupons). Plus postage, 1/9½. Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. to 34in. bust. 51/3 (8 coupons), 36in. to 38in. bust. 56/9 (8 coupons). Plus postage, 1/9½. Please Note: When ordering "Clarissa," make a second color choice to avoid disappointment.

INTERSTATE ADDRESSES:

SEND your order for Fashion Patterns, Needlework, and Needlework Notions (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17) or by post.

Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 328A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 489P, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 183C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 183C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

* PLEASE NOTE: To ensure prompt dispatch of orders by post you should: * Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE in BLOCK LETTERS. * Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, AND COUPONS. * State size required. * For children's patterns state age. * Use box numbers given on this page. * C.O.D. orders are not accepted.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 1007.—LITTLE GIRL'S SMOCK AND PANTIES

This set for a small girl is designed for warmth in rayon lambswool material in pink, green, and cream only. The yoke has a rosebud and petal design in transfer, as has also the tiny Peter Pan collar. Sizes:—FROCK: Length 11in. 1 yr., 10/4; 18in. 2 yrs., 11/3; 19in. 3 yrs., 11/9; 20in. 4 yrs., 12/6 (4 coupons), plus postage, 1/6d. PANTIES: 1 yr., 2/11; 2 yrs., 3/2; 3 yrs., 3/8; 4 yrs., 4/6 (2 coupons), plus postage, 1/6d. COMPLETE SET: 1 yr., 12/11; 2 yrs., 13/11; 3 yrs., 14/11; 4 yrs., 16/6 (8 coupons), plus postage, 2/6d.

No. 1008.—GOOD-MORNING SET.

Tracelock, serviette, and d'oyles, in good quality cream linen, traced ready for embroidery. No lace is supplied. The tracelock measures 11in. x 17in. the serviette 11in. x 11in. and the d'oyles 8in. x 8in. Price, 7/21 complete set. Postage, 3/6d. extra.

No. 1009.—POWDER-PUFF CASE AND COMB CASE.

Traced for embroidering, the powder-puff case measures 3in. x 5in. and the comb case is 2½in. x 4½in. In orange to lemon, blue, pink, green, and white. Price, 9d. each article. Postage, 1/6d. extra.

No. 1010.—TEA-TOWEL.

A sturdy white tea-towel with a blue stripe forming a border at each side. Measurements are 24in. x 32in. Price, 3/6 and 1 coupon. Postage, 1/6d. extra. Please Note: When ordering Needlework Notions Nos. 1007 and 1008, make a second color choice to avoid disappointment.

1010



1009

1008

1007



DAD SAVES MY TIME—ENERGY—SOAP!

DAD
LARGE PACKET NOW! AT YOUR GROCER

DAD
WASHING TABLETS

The new DAD is a revolutionary washing aid. DAD gets to work on the dirtiest of clothes—rins them of all stains and dirt safely and easily. Preserves fabrics and brightens colours.

DAD MAKES CLOTHES SPARKLE—SPARKLING BRIGHT SPARKLING WHITE

CAS.034

Fashion PATTERNS

F5089

F5090

F5092

F5093

F5091

F5088.—Tailored topcoat with a fitted waist. In sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price 2/8.

F5089.—Soft wool suit has a scalloped detail to trim the jacket hemline. In sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price 1/11.

F5090.—Two-toned one-piece dress. In sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material for skirt and 1½yds. 54in. material for bodice top. Price 1/11.

F5091.—One-piece with moulded bodice and waist emphasis. In sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price 1/11.

F5092.—Afternoon dress with deep neckline and hip emphasis. In sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 1/11.

F5093.—Skirt and separate blouse. In sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material for skirt and 1½yds. 54in. material for blouse. Price 1/11.

Are you over forty?



If your energy is flagging, concentration is difficult, and work a burden, start taking Phyllosan tablets to-day! Just two tiny tablets three times a day before meals . . . so easy to take, but, if taken regularly, what a difference they make. The revitalising effect of a course of Phyllosan tablets must be experienced to be appreciated. Many thousands of men and women, particularly those over forty, owe renewed health and vigour to these wonderful little tablets.

At Chemists and Stores, 3/6 and 6/- (double quantity).

PHYLLOSAN

fortifies the over-forties

The regd. trade mark 'Phyllosan' is the property of Natural Chemicals Ltd., London.

♡♡♡♡♡♡♡♡♡♡
Staisweet
Stay as sweet as you are with
Staisweet
The Deodorant you can trust
Staisweet
♡♡♡♡♡♡♡♡♡♡



Mother, M.D.

conducts "Sick Parade"

When serious illness is suspected, nothing can replace the expert care and advice of the family physician. But for simple, everyday illnesses, "Mother M.D." can safely rely on dependable family medicines.

There is a dependable Nyal Medicine for almost every ordinary ailment—each one designed for a particular purpose. For instance, there is a special Nyal cough mixture for babies—Nyal Baby Cough Syrup; another for school-age children—Nyal Children's Cough Syrup. For adult coughs and colds there is Nyal Bronchitis Mixture or Nyal Creophos.

The formula of every Nyal medicine is plainly printed on the package. That is why your chemist can recommend Nyal Medicines with confidence—because he knows just what each one contains and what it is intended to do. Whenever you buy a medicine—play safe. Ask your chemist for the appropriate NYAL family medicine.

FOR QUICK RELIEF FROM COUGHS AND COLDS



NYAL BRONCHITIS MIXTURE. Check coughs quickly with Nyal Bronchitis Mixture. Contains special ingredients which give immediate relief from irritating coughs, soothe the inflamed membranes of your throat and chest and clear away congestion. All chemists sell Nyal Bronchitis Mixture, 2/6.



NYAL BABY COUGH SYRUP. is specially prepared for infants and small children. Designed to give soothing relief from coughs and colds. It is pleasant-tasting—children like it—and contains only wholesome ingredients. Nyal Baby Cough Syrup can safely be given to children from three months old. 1/6.

NYAL CREOPHOS. Stubborn chest colds and bronchitis respond quickly to Nyal Creophos. Creophos contains ingredients which not only clear up deep-seated chest colds but also restore your strength and resistance after the weakening effects of flu. Obtainable from all chemists in three sizes—2/6, 4/6 and 6/6.

NYAL

FAMILY MEDICINES